HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST TRIP ON THE GREAT LAKES

HELEN LOUISE THORNDYKE

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HONEY BUNCH AND JESSIE WERE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME.
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HONEY BUNCH

HER FIRST TRIP ON THE GREAT LAKES

BY

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Honey Bunch: Her First Trip on the Great Lakes

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HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST TRIP ON THE GREAT LAKES

CHAPTER I

A BRAND NEW GAME

"I HAVE my hands full," said Honey Bunch aloud, though there was no one to hear her say it.

She sat on the floor of the living room in a patch of sunshine and appeared to be very busy indeed.

It was lucky that she didn't want to stand up suddenly and walk about. That would never have done, for she was surrounded by cups and saucers and platters. If she had moved *very* much she would certainly have stepped on some of the china, and that would have been too bad, for the cups and saucers and platters were pretty.

But Honey Bunch did not want to move around. As she said, she had her hands full. Open on her lap was a steamship folder, printed in red and black ink and with pictures

of ships and cities and lakes on each page. On the back of the folder was a map, and Honey Bunch looked carefully at this.

"Now, here," she said, talking to herself as she often did when she played alone, "is Lake Erie."

She picked up a blue and white platter and put it near the edge of the rug. Then she moved it a little to one side, then down a little and nodded her yellow head.

"That's all right," she said comfortably.

It really did look like Lake Erie, at least as Lake Erie looked on the map. The platter was oblong, so it was the right shape, though Honey Bunch was sorry she couldn't make it "bulge" in the right places. There is no way to make a china platter bulge, you know.

Honey Bunch looked around her and saw a pink and white platter, a bit smaller than "Lake Erie."

"My, there's Lake Ontario just waiting for me," she said.

She rather liked the sound of the word "Ontario," so she made it a little song: "On-

tario—Ontario—Ontari—O!" she hummed blissfully.

She looked a little wistfully at the cups and saucers. She would have liked to use them, but they were not the right size for lakes. And Honey Bunch was very particular about all her games; she wanted everything to be right.

The sound of feet on the polished floor of the hall made her look quickly toward the door.

"Hello! What are you doing?" asked a little girl, staring at Honey Bunch on the rug and the platters and the cups and saucers apparently sailing around her.

"Hello, Ida," Honey Bunch answered, not getting up because she didn't want to step on anything. "I'm playing."

Before Honey Bunch could explain what she was playing, two other little girls crowded into the doorway.

"We got tired waiting for you to come out and play, Honey Bunch," they cried. "What *are* you doing?"

Anna Martin and Grace Winters stared at Honey Bunch just as Ida Camp had done.

"I'm playing Great Lakes," Honey Bunch declared with dignity. "These platters are the lakes."

"What are the cups and saucers?" demanded Grace Winters curiously.

"They're not anything," Honey Bunch admitted. "Mother said I could have the china on the lowest shelf, so I just took them."

Ida and Anna and Grace got down on their knees, at a respectful distance from the platters, and looked interested.

"What are the Great Lakes?" asked Ida, who for a girl with a big brother in high school, certainly didn't know a great deal about the geography of her "native land," as Honey Bunch had once accused her.

Mrs. Miller, the washwoman, and a great friend of Honey Bunch, always spoke of the United States as her native land and Honey Bunch often talked as Mrs. Miller did. The washwoman was big and Honey Bunch was

little, so it often sounded rather funny, but Honey Bunch didn't mind if people laughed a bit.

"They're lakes," Honey Bunch informed Ida now, waving the steamship folder at her. "They're e-nor-mous lakes up at the top of the map. You can count them—there are five."

She held out the folder and the three little girls counted five lakes.

"Now," said Honey Bunch, feeling almost as if she were a teacher, "you have to get behind me to see the lakes the right way."

Her company obediently scuttled on hands and knees around the rug till they were facing in the same direction as Honey Bunch.

"That's Lake Ontario," explained Honey Bunch, pointing to the pink and white platter on her right.

"Over there," she pointed to the largest platter, a plain white one on her left, is "Lake Superior. The others are Erie, Huron and —and Michigan."

"Goodness gracious," said Ida Camp, "I don't see how you remember them. Aren't there any little lakes?"

Honey Bunch looked at her patiently. Ida was her best friend and she loved her dearly, even if she didn't know geography.

"There are lots of little lakes in our native land," said Honey Bunch. "But these are the Great Lakes. Every one calls them the Great Lakes."

"I think it would sound nicer," said Anna Martin thoughtfully, "if they called them the Large Lakes."

"Well, you can't change their names now," Honey Bunch asserted sensibly. "No one can change names of lakes after they're printed on maps. Come on and let's play Great Lakes."

Anna and Grace and Ida said, "How?" in a chorus.

Honey Bunch knew. Of course she knew, for she had invented the game herself.

"We'll fill the dishes with water," said Honey Bunch, "and sail boats in them. I

have three little wooden boats and two of us can take turns."

The others were charmed with the idea of sailing on the Great Lakes. They helped Honey Bunch step over the dishes and followed her out into the kitchen where good-natured Mrs. Miller was busily ironing.

"We need some water to go in the lakes," said Honey Bunch, sure that whatever she needed Mrs. Miller would help her to get.

"Well, well, so the lakes have run dry, have they?" Mrs. Miller returned, reaching up to the shelf over the kitchen sink and taking down a brown pitcher.

"They never were wet," said Honey Bunch truthfully. "But we're going to sail boats in them, so we need water."

Mrs. Miller said yes, she knew that water was necessary for sailing boats and she filled the pitcher and gave it to Honey Bunch.

Back to the living room the four little girls hurried and Honey Bunch filled the five "lakes" so carefully that not a drop of water spilled on the rugs.

She knew where her boats were—in the lowest drawer of the tall bookcase—and they were just right for sailing in dishes. They were made of very thin wood, almost as thin as paper, and they had tiny red and blue sails.

"You may have the *Pinta*," said Honey Bunch to Ida, giving her the largest boat, "and there's Lake Ontario for you."

The little boats were named after Christopher Columbus' boats. Honey Bunch had to stop to explain that to Ida, too, for Ida said she never could remember the names of the Columbus boats and, anyway, she didn't see why he should have named them such funny names.

"Here's the *Santa Maria,* Anna," said Honey Bunch, when she had finally explained everything to Ida. "You'd better start sailing on Lake Erie."

Then Honey Bunch gave the *Niña* to Grace, and she began her voyage on Lake Huron.

It was great fun sailing. The only trouble was that they couldn't get their boats from

one lake to another without "bumping," as Honey Bunch called it, over the sides of the platters.

"It won't be like that when we're on the boat," declared Honey Bunch confidently. "We'll just sail right along. It says so in the folder—Daddy read it to me."

"Oh-h, Honey Bunch Morton!" cried Ida, in great surprise. "Are you going away *again?*"

"I have to go to the Great Lakes," Honey Bunch answered. "My mother and father are going and I have to go with them."

"What will you do if you get seasick?" suggested Grace Winters, making her little boat rock up and down as though she *wanted* her make-believe passengers to get seasick.

"I won't get sick," Honey Bunch announced. "Didn't I go to Bermuda without being seasick? I always have a good time when I'm shipping."

Anna Martin argued that Honey Bunch meant she had a good time when she was on a ship, but Honey Bunch said that traveling

on a ship was "shipping" and Ida agreed with her. But then, Ida always agreed with Honey Bunch.

"Hello, Honey Bunch!" some one shouted from the porch.

"That's Norman Clark," said Honey Bunch, watching Anna steer her little boat across a very smooth lake. "We're in here, Norman!" called Honey Bunch hospitably.

The door banged open—Norman Clark always came in a door as though he meant to blast his way through the house, Mrs. Miller said—and a dog barked. In through the doorway bounced a cunning, shaggy, black and white dog who stopped suddenly when he saw so many new faces.

"What do you think of that for a dog?" demanded Norman Clark, following his pet. "Isn't that a fine dog? My uncle sent him to me. He's a thoroughbred dog. He isn't grown up yet. When he's got his growth he'll be as big as a St. Bernard, I guess."

The little girls were not sure how large a St. Bernard dog might be. This shaggy little

fellow didn't look as if he would grow up very tall, but you couldn't always tell.

"What's his name, Norman?" asked Honey Bunch.

"I call him Waggy, because he's always wagging his tail," Norman answered.

Just then Waggy, probably overcome at being the center of so much attention, made a lunge at Ida Camp. She backed away, but Waggy romped after her. He romped right over the Great Lakes and the cups and saucers and overturned the pitcher, which still had a little water left in it. Rivulets of water flowed over the rug and five voices at once shouted:

"Go away, Waggy; go away!"

CHAPTER II

WAGGY'S TRICKS

In less than two minutes the "Great Lakes" looked as thought they had been in an earthquake. Waggy stood in the middle of the mess and positively beamed at every one. He wagged his tail and looked so pleased, Honey Bunch couldn't scold him.

"I'll go and get a rag," she sighed. "I do think, Norman, you might explain to your dog about not upsetting plates with water in them."

Honey Bunch trotted off to the kitchen without waiting to hear Norman's excuses.

"Please, Mrs. Miller, could I have a rag?" she asked Mrs. Miller, who was still ironing. "A rather big rag," Honey Bunch added. "because *all* the water is spilled."

Mrs. Miller groaned and pulled a bucket out from under the sink. Mrs. Miller often

boasted that she knew "just where to put her hands on everything," and Honey Bunch firmly believed her.

"I'll come and mop up," said Mrs. Miller. "I hope you children haven't ruined your ma's rug."

Honey Bunch, running to keep up with Mrs. Miller who walked with long strides, declared earnestly that the rug wasn't hurt a bit.

"No, the rug isn't hurt, Mrs. Miller," said Ida, who heard them talking about it. "Dishes and water don't hurt rugs."

"Merciful goodness, I might have known you'd be here!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller, when she saw Norman Clark.

Mrs. Miller always claimed that Norman made her nervous. He asked her so many questions he drove her wild, she said. Now, as she knelt down and began to mop up the water, Norman wanted to know if a dog could take cold by getting its feet wet.

"You take your dog away from me, Norman Clark," said Mrs. Miller, rubbing a wet

spot furiously with her rag, "or he'll get something worse than a cold!"

Honey Bunch knew Mrs. Miller wasn't half as cross as she sounded. She wouldn't hurt a dog for worlds. Mrs. Miller saved all the bones in her kitchen and gave them to dogs she met on her way to work.

While Mrs. Miller is drying the rug, is a very good time to tell you a little about Honey Bunch. You may already be acquainted with her, that is, if you've read the first book about her called, "Honey Bunch: Just a Little Girl." Her real name wasn't Honey Bunch, but Gertrude Marion Morton, and the reason she was called Honey Bunch was because she was little and sweet and, as her daddy said, it seemed natural to say "Honey Bunch" the moment you looked at her.

She lived in Barham with her father and mother, and she had a happy and an interesting time every day. She went on an auto tour and she went to New York. She traveled all the way to Bermuda and back. Then she spent a delightful sunshiny summer at

Cedar Point Island, with plenty of girls and boys to play with, and this is all told you in the book just before this one, called, "Honey Bunch: Her First Summer on an Island."

So now you're really acquainted, if you didn't know her before, and we'll go back to the Great Lakes and see what happened next.

As soon as Mrs. Miller had the water mopped up, she gathered the platters and other china together and took them back to the kitchen.

"My experience has been that platters and boys and dogs come to no good end," said Mrs. Miller; "and even if your mother said you could have these dishes to play with, I don't think she wants you walking on broken tea cups and the like."

"Say, Waggy can do tricks," announced Norman, when Mrs. Miller had disappeared. "Want to see him do tricks?"

"Of course," said Grace Winters. "That is, if he can do any."

Waggy's master paid no attention to this remark.

"I have to have sugar," said Norman. "Waggy can't do his best trick without sugar. Haven't you any sugar in the house?"

"Oh, my yes, we have sugar," Honey Bunch assured him. "In the sugar bowl."

"This has to be lump sugar," explained Norman. "A lump of sugar, so I can put it on his nose. Have you any lump sugar?"

"I don't believe so," Honey Bunch apologized. "Only the lump sugar Mother keeps for the tea wagon, and that's put away."

Norman was down on his knees, trying to make Waggy sit up.

"Well, then, of course, there's no use expecting Waggy to do his best trick," said Norman. "He can't do it without lump sugar."

"Can't he do anything else?" asked Grace Winters, who hated to be cheated out of any entertainment.

"He can do lots of things," said Waggy's master proudly. "He can speak. Speak, Waggy!"

Waggy merely wagged his tail and looked pleasant.

"Speak!" shouted Norman. "Waggy! Speak! Speak!"

Waggy remained provokingly dumb.

"Speak, Waggy!" said Honey Bunch mildly, and Waggy opened his mouth and said, Woof! Woof!

"There!" Norman cried triumphantly. "What did I tell you! Did you hear him speak?"

Anna Martin looked scornful.

"You don't call that speaking, do you?" she demanded. "Why, he didn't say anything!"

Norman told her she was just like a girl.

"What do you expect a dog to say?" he asked. "He talked dog talk, didn't he, Honey Bunch?"

"Yes," agreed Honey Bunch, "he did talk dog talk."

Honey Bunch didn't like her friends to quarrel, but she wouldn't uphold the one who happened to make a mistake.

"Make him do another trick," suggested Grace Winters, while Ida Camp patted Wag-

gy who seemed to have taken a great fancy to her.

"Well, his feelings may be hurt," said Norman, with a meaning look at Anna, "but I'll see if I can get him to jump over my hands. Here, Waggy, come on and jump."

Norman put his arms around Waggy and clasped his hands so that the shaggy little dog stood behind a ring, or fence.

"Now jump!" commanded Norman. "Jump over the fence, Waggy."

Waggy sat down and closed his eyes. Honey Bunch laughed. He looked so contented and so unlike a dog that might be planning to jump, she thought he was probably playing a joke on them.

"Jump!" said Norman, over and over. "Jump, Waggy."

Suddenly Waggy, whose eyes couldn't have been as tightly closed as he pretended, gave a flying leap. He dived over the astonished Norman's arms, leaped across the lap of Honey Bunch, who was seated cross-legged

on the floor, and dived through the open window near the bookcase.

"Ki-yi!" the children heard him yelping as he ran. "Ki-yi!"

They ran to the window, too, and looked out. Far down the street was Waggy, sleepy no longer, having a most beautiful time chasing a yellow cat!

"I'll have to go and get him," said Norman, climbing through the window and dropping to the ground below, which is a convenient way boys have of saving time.

It was almost dinner time now and the rest of Honey Bunch's company had to go, too. When her daddy came home a few minutes later, he found Honey Bunch sitting on the top step of the porch and reading the steamship folder aloud to Eleanor, her favorite doll.

"One week from to-day," said Daddy Morton, carrying Honey Bunch and Eleanor, too, into the house on his shoulder, "we'll be rushing for the train."

Dear me, a week really isn't very long, and the next morning Honey Bunch found that she and her mother had to do all the getting ready, because Daddy had to look after his office. He could buy the tickets and plan the trip, but he could not, he really could not, go downtown shopping and buy himself a new necktie and some special kind of soap and shirts and things like that.

"We'll have to buy them for him," said Honey Bunch's mother, busily writing things down in her little green and gold leather book.

So, as soon as breakfast was over, she and Honey Bunch took the bus to go downtown. They were to stay down for lunch and buy everything on Mrs. Morton's list and some things that she remembered in the bus.

"It's too bad it isn't Christmas," said Honey Bunch wistfully, as they left the bus in front of one of the large stores. "If it was Christmas, we could look at the toys."

"I think there will be some toys, even if it isn't Christmas," Mrs. Morton returned,

smiling. "Let's get Daddy's things first and then we'll ask about the toy department."

Honey Bunch loved her daddy dearly, but it really wasn't much fun watching Mother buy things for him. All the socks looked just alike and the shirts were piled so high on the shirt counter that it made Honey Bunch's neck ache to look at them.

When they went upstairs to buy pajamas, it was just as bad. Mrs. Morton was very particular about the kind of pajamas she bought, and she looked at a great many. Honey Bunch walked down to the end of the aisle and stared around her while her mother was talking to the clerk.

The store, reflected Honey Bunch, was certainly built for grown-up folk. She couldn't see over a single counter and what she could see wasn't interesting. Just yards of goods to be made into dresses or underclothes or stuff for curtains—nothing to play with, sighed Honey Bunch.

Then a glittering electric light sign caught her eyes. Far down one of the cross aisles,

it winked and glittered. Honey Bunch walked toward it, trying to read the letters.

"D-O-L-L—," she spelled, and of course she knew what that meant.

But the sign was finished in green letters and they were harder to read.

"L-A-N-D," read out Honey Bunch, with some trouble.

"Doll Land!" She said the words together.

Why, of course! Doll Land would be what Mrs. Miller would call the native land of dolls. Honey Bunch began to walk faster. She would love to see the native land of dolls, she told herself.

She reached the glittering sign and found it hung over a wide doorway.

"Come right in," said a smiling young woman, who stood at the door.

CHAPTER III

IN DOLL LAND

HONEY BUNCH stepped inside the door. She found herself in a room that was truly "a native land" for dolls. They were everywhere she looked—big dolls and little dolls, doll houses, doll carriages. Doll clothes flapped on the doll clotheslines; dolls rode in the tin trolley cars; doll shoppers stood in the butcher and bake and grocery shops.

Honey Bunch thought that at last she had found a place in the store meant for her. All the counters were low. The doll houses, in fact, were placed on the floor and if she wanted to walk around and see how they looked at the back, there was nothing to prevent her.

It was like a town, for at one end were the railroad tracks, with trains running madly, and a lumberyard with dolls working among

the lumber and driving the motor trucks. Honey Bunch knew that in Barham the railroad tracks were at one end of the city and that there was a lumberyard near the station.

There were a number of children in "Doll Land," and they were handling the dolls so very carefully and touching the furniture in the doll houses so gently that they couldn't possibly hurt them. Honey Bunch was glad that Norman Clark's dog Waggy wasn't there—Waggy would be sure to knock over something and some of the smaller dolls were of china and would be easy to break.

"You may play with anything you like," said the young woman, who had asked Honey Bunch to come in. And the bell will ring when it's time for the motion pictures to start."

Honey Bunch had not known about the motion pictures. A fat little girl, who was on her knees rearranging the furniture in one of the doll houses, told her that the store had motion pictures every afternoon.

"You can't go in if you're over twelve

years old," said the fat little girl importantly. "Your mother or your father can't go in. Only children. I'm nearly seven."

Honey Bunch asked her what kind of pictures these movies were.

"Oh, most of them are good," said the fat little girl. "Funny pictures, I mean. I like comics. But they do have some geography—I suppose because it's good for you. You have to have things that are good for you."

Honey Bunch found a doll house that no one was playing with and in a few minutes she had forgotten all about the motion pictures. Her doll house had four large rooms and by opening a door at the back of the house, she could put her hand and arm in and do what she pleased with the furniture.

The parlor wasn't right at all, and Honey Bunch set busily to work upon it. Probably some other little girl had fixed it as she liked it, but Honey Bunch couldn't bear to think of any doll children growing up in a house where the piano was backed right against a door. To be sure, the door was only painted

on the wall and would never open, but, argued Honey Bunch, the dolls didn't know that. Besides, no one in a real house ever put a piano against a door.

Honey Bunch put the piano against a blank wall between two windows. She took down a round picture and placed it in the dining room. She moved the kitchen table from its corner out into the center of the floor. She couldn't sew very well, but if she had had a needle and thread, she would have tried to sew the curtains at the parlor windows because the ruffles on two of them were ripped.

"But a doll house isn't fixed in a day," said Honey Bunch, remembering that Mrs. Miller always said, "Rome wasn't built in a day."

Once Honey Bunch had asked her what she meant, for certainly Mrs. Miller wasn't building Rome when she washed or cooked or cleaned. And Mrs. Miller said she meant that you couldn't do everything in a minute.

As Honey Bunch was trying to decide whether the rug in the doll house bedroom would look better before the bureau or near the window, a bell rang sharply.

"Movies!" cried the fat little girl, getting to her feet so quickly she almost overturned her doll house.

Honey Bunch was more deliberate. She closed the back of the doll house she had been playing with and she closed the windows.

"In case it rains," she said with dignity, when the fat little girl urged her to hurry and asked her why she bothered with the windows.

"My mother always closes the windows when we come downtown, so if it showers it won't rain in."

"You're going to be as good a housekeeper as your mother, I can see that," said the young woman who had left her place at the door and was now directing the children toward another door which led into the room where the movies were shown.

Honey Bunch slipped into the darkened room and found a seat on the aisle. She always liked to sit on the aisle because her daddy did. The room was dark, but in a few minutes she found she could see almost as clearly as though the lights had been on. A big sheet was stretched across the stage, and there was a piano with a young man seated before it. The rows and rows of seats were filled with wriggling children. More kept coming. They shuffled their feet and they fell over each other and they laughed whenever they couldn't see where they were going and in consequence sat down on some one else.

But just as soon as the light flickered over the screen and the familiar buzz of the machine operating sounded, every one of those children became as quiet as mice. They even said, "Sh!" when a late-comer or two tiptoed down the aisle.

The first picture was a funny one. It was about a boy who was lost and tried to find

his way home by following apple parings which his friends had stuffed in his pockets. They told him that whatever letter the parings formed when he dropped them, that would be the direction he must go to get home.

So first the boy dropped an apple paring on the ground and it made the letter "S" and after asking three people in which direction was the south, the boy started. But he didn't get home. He got more lost than ever.

He had a number of odd adventures and then, when he was far out in the country and miles from home, he dropped another apple paring and a hungry hen gobbled it up and the boy chased her over farms and through people's houses and into trolley cars. At last the hen ran past his own house and into the boy's back yard, and there he was safe at home and could have the hen, which had caused him so much trouble, cooked for his dinner the next day.

Honey Bunch laughed at this movie, and

then, before she could wish that Norman Clark could have seen the boy chasing the hen, another picture began on the screen.

This was a more serious story and in the middle of it there was a scene showing a storm at sea. The boat, on which the heroine had sailed, was shown battling the waves and rolling from side to side till Honey Bunch was terribly afraid the boat *would* turn over. The lightning flashed and the young man at the piano made the chords thunder so that it sounded as though the storm was right around the boys and girls who were watching.

"I wonder," thought Honey Bunch, staring at the rolling waters, "if it ever thunders and lightens on the Great Lakes."

She was quite sure she wouldn't like to be a boat that tossed and tumbled as the one on the screen did. Neither would she like to have the waves wash over the deck and carry away pieces of the railing as they did in this story.

Still the story had a happy ending. The

sun came out and though the water tossed and tumbled about, it stopped washing over the ship decks. Then the passengers came out and sat in their steamer chairs, and when they steamed safely into harbor they took their suitcases and went ashore, laughing and chatting as though nothing had ever disturbed them.

When the lights flashed on, Honey Bunch rubbed her eyes. She had been so interested in the story that she half believed it was true. All around her other children rubbed their eyes and looked dazed. Then, as the young man at the piano played a lively march, they filed out through the different doorways and scattered.

Honey Bunch thought she went out of the same doorway by which she had entered, but it must have been another one, for she found herself in a narrow aisle of the store instead of in Doll Land.

Now, for the first time, Honey Bunch remembered that she and her mother had been shopping together. Well, she had left

Mother buying pajamas—all she had to do was to go down this aisle and turn around here and—and—but her mother was nowhere in sight!

"I guess," said Honey Bunch, determined not to be discouraged and above all not to cry, "I have my hands full again."

It did seem that way, and Mrs. Miller, who often said that, would have been the first to admit it.

CHAPTER IV

A BUSY LOST GIRL

HONEY BUNCH MORTON stood very still for a moment, wondering what she had better do. You can't call "Mother!" in a large department store. For one reason, if your own mother didn't hear you, in a very few seconds you'd find yourself quite surrounded by strange ladies who would all ask you questions at once. Honey Bunch didn't want to have to answer a lot of questions asked by strange ladies, so she kept still.

"It wouldn't hurt, though, to ask where the pajama counter is," she said to herself.

She saw a tall, gray-haired man who looked as if he might be a floorman, and she went up to him.

"Please, where is your pajama counter?" she asked in her most grown-up voice.

"My, my, child, are you out all alone?" the

floorman answered, staring at her as though he was surprised. "The pajama counter is three aisles over, to your left. Perhaps I'd better come with you."

But a fat woman stepped up just then and twitched his sleeve and said:

"I brought this pair of shoes back and the clerk says you have to sign the slip," so Honey Bunch trotted away.

She didn't want the floorman to go with her and she was grateful to the fat woman for distracting his attention.

"But I wouldn't mind knowing which is my left," admitted Miss Honey Bunch Morton, who knew her right and left hands, of course, but who mixed them up now and then when she was in a hurry.

She walked past three aisles and found herself in the shoe department. No Mother to be seen anywhere. There was a row of seats near Honey Bunch, all of them empty. Honey Bunch thought it could do no harm if she sat down to think, so she scrambled into one of the seats. She was so short her

feet stuck out stiffly in front of her, but she didn't pay any attention until a young woman came and sat down on a little stool in front of her.

The young woman took Honey Bunch's foot into her lap and unfastened her shoe.

"I think you'll like this," she said, putting a white kid shoe on the little foot. Just get down and walk around to see if it's comfortable."

Honey Bunch obediently got down and walked around. She didn't know why the young woman should put a white kid shoe on her foot, but she wasn't going to argue. Department stores were queer places and they had their own ways. For all Honey Bunch knew, they *always* put white kid shoes on all the children who came to the store.

"How does it feel?" asked the young woman, sliding a ruler up and down in her hands.

"Nice," Honey Bunch answered truthfully.

"Well, I'll put on the other and you can

tell better," said the clerk. "Get back in your chair a moment."

Honey Bunch sat down again and the young woman put the other shoe on her other foot and told her to go over and look at her feet in a mirror which was set in a column and came down to the floor.

"They look nice, don't they?" she said, when Honey Bunch came back from looking at her feet. "You'd better show them to your mother as soon as you get home, because if she wants to change them she'll have to hurry; the sale is only for this week."

Honey Bunch stared at her, but the clerk was busily making out a slip. She took the slip and went away and presently came back with the shoes in a neat bundle.

"There you are," she said, handing the bundle to Honey Bunch. "The bill's inside. Remember me to your mother."

"Yes—good-by—I will—thank you," said Honey Bunch, who was so bewildered she didn't know what to say.

There seemed to be nothing for her to do

but go on, so she walked away and got hemmed in a crowd of women who were bound for some place and who swept Honey Bunch and her parcel with them until she found that she was in an elevator, going up and up and up.

Meanwhile, of course, her mother was searching everywhere for her. When she first missed Honey Bunch, Mrs. Morton thought she might have walked around the counter to see what was on the other side. So she walked around all four sides of the counter, but not a sign did she see of a little girl with yellow hair and blue eyes.

She stopped and asked a clerk if *she* had seen such a little girl and the clerk said no, but perhaps the little girl had gone to see the movies. She told Mrs. Morton where they were, and Honey Bunch's mother walked into Doll Land as her little daughter had done and reached the motion picture room just as the last child came out. Of course Honey Bunch had gone out by another door, so they missed each other.

However, the young woman who had asked Honey Bunch to come in to Doll Land remembered her perfectly and told her mother she had seen her when Mrs. Morton came to ask her.

"She must be in the store, and if I were you, I'd stop at the service desk on each floor and ask if they've seen her and to keep her if they do see her," said the young woman. "If she were a very little child and cried, then some one would pick her up and take her to the lost children department. But your little girl won't cry. She'll try to find you."

Mrs. Morton thought this herself, and she began to go from floor to floor, telling the clerk at the service desk on each floor about her little girl who had blue eyes and had worn a blue beret and a blue and white dress and who was lost somewhere in the store.

Now Honey Bunch was so packed in the elevator that she couldn't get to the door to get out until it reached the seventh floor. She stepped from the elevator directly into

the restaurant, and though it was early, some people were already having luncheon.

Honey Bunch stood looking at them for a moment and a pretty waitress with pink cheeks smiled at her.

"Why are the chairs turned back?" asked Honey Bunch, staring curiously at a table where the chairs were tipped against it on their forelegs.

"Oh, some people have reserved that table," the waitress explained. "When they want a special table, they reserve it, you know. If we see chairs tilted that way, we know no one else must be allowed to sit at that table till the folks who asked for it come."

Honey Bunch thought this was a very fine arrangement. She looked around the dining room to see where she would like to sit, and she liked best a table in an alcove next to a window. There were three or four other tables in the alcove, but this was the only one next to a window.

"Mother would like to sit there," said

Honey Bunch to herself. "She likes to look out of the window."

How it happened that no one saw her, it's hard to say, but Honey Bunch walked across the dining room, into the alcove, and tilted the two chairs against the table as calmly as though she had lived in a restaurant all her life.

Then she walked out and found a staircase and began to walk down slowly.

She walked until she met a white-haired woman scrubbing the steps and though Mrs. Miller didn't have white hair, this woman reminded Honey Bunch of Mrs. Miller.

"I won't spot your stairs," said Honey Bunch politely. "They look nice and clean."

"Bless your heart, your little feet won't leave a mark!" said the scrubbing woman, moving her pail so Honey Bunch could pass.

Honey Bunch was looking up, through the banisters, to see the last of the scrubbing woman, so she did not see that a man was watching her until she started to turn around on the next landing.

"Hello," said this man, "you have blue eyes, haven't you?"

The blue eyes were gazing straight at him, so he could see for himself.

"And you have — well, is that a beret you're wearing?" asked the young man anxiously.

"Oh, my yes," Honey Bunch assured him.

Then the young man laughed, and though she didn't know what he was laughing about, Honey Bunch had to laugh with him.

"Where do you wear a beret?" asked the young man. "And what is it?"

Honey Bunch showed all her pretty teeth as she smiled.

"It's my hat," she explained, and took it off to show him.

"Well, well, now I'm learning," said the young man. "Do you, by any chance, happen to be looking for your mother?"

"Oh, yes!" Honey Bunch cried eagerly. "Where is my mother?"

"She was on this floor twenty minutes ago,

and I'll locate her in less than three minutes for you," the young man promised.

Then he took Honey Bunch by the hand and led her to the service desk and put her up on its polished mahogany top while he telephoned. He had to try more than once before he found Honey Bunch's mother, but the third call was successful.

"She's on the eighth floor and she's coming right down," he said, looking as pleased as Honey Bunch herself, for no one likes a little girl to be lost, you know.

Five minutes later Honey Bunch and her mother were hugging each other and explaining how they had hunted and hunted and *hunted* for each other.

"But, darling," said Mrs. Morton, when she had thanked the service desk people and asked them to notify all the other desks that Honey Bunch was found, "what is in that package? You didn't have money to buy anything with, did you?"

"These are white kid shoes, Mother," said

Honey Bunch. "The bill is inside and the clerk wishes to be remembered to you."

Mrs. Morton sat down on a handy stool.

"What on earth are you talking about, Honey Bunch?" she asked.

Honey Bunch explained about the shoes and how she happened to have them and her mother said there must be some mistake. She hurried Honey Bunch toward the elevator and they went down to the second floor and Honey Bunch found she could remember the clerk without any trouble.

"My little girl has a pair of shoes that doesn't belong to her," said Mrs. Morton.

The clerk took out her handkerchief and wiped her face. She looked as if she had been crying.

"I'm sure I don't know how I ever made such a mistake," she said. "Your little girl had no sooner gone than I saw Mrs. Lane's child sitting on the other side of the department, waiting for her shoes. She comes in and gets them without her mother, and it's

charged to the Lane account. I don't look at children much, but after this I will. I would have had to pay for these shoes out of my own pocket if you hadn't brought them back."

"Now," said Honey Bunch's mother, when that was settled, "we'd better think about lunch. It's just the rush hour, so I don't suppose there is any use of going up to the restaurant; we never can get a table."

Honey Bunch smiled happily.

"Oh yes we can, mother," she declared. "I reserved a table for us."

Her mother looked at her as if she wasn't sure she had heard her.

"What did you say, Honey Bunch?" she asked.

"I reserved a table for us," repeated Honey Bunch. "In the restaurant. It's a very nice table, Mother, and you can look out of the window while you're eating. I tilted the chairs, so they will be sure to save it for us."

CHAPTER V

THE SHIPPING PARTY

MRS. MORTON said she did not see how a little girl could reserve a table, but, to please Honey Bunch, she took the elevator to the eighth floor. As they stepped off, Honey Bunch saw the pretty waitress who had told her about reserving tables.

The waitress laughed and Honey Bunch's mother laughed, but Honey Bunch walked across the restaurant and into the alcove. People were seated at the other tables in the alcove and the restaurant itself was crowded. But the chairs were tilted against the window table just as Honey Bunch had placed them and no one sat there.

"Goodness gracious, was it you did that?" said the waitress, in astonishment. "I thought the hostess did it, and she must have thought I did it. Well, this must be your table, after all that work."

So Honey Bunch and her mother sat down and had a very nice luncheon and looked out of the window, down upon the hurrying street crowds, as they ate it. But while they were eating, Mrs. Morton explained to Honey Bunch that not *every one* could reserve a table simply because he happened to want it.

"You are supposed to speak to the head waiter, if there is one," explained Mrs. Morton, "or to the hostess, if she is in charge of the restaurant as she is here. Then, if she thinks it best, she tilts the chairs and saves the table for you. Don't you see, dear, if every one just walked in and fixed the chairs to suit herself, by and by there would be no tables left for the people who couldn't come early to eat."

Honey Bunch could understand that when it was explained to her and she said she wouldn't reserve any more tables without asking permission first.

She and her mother finished their shopping that afternoon, and you may be sure

they kept close beside each other and had a great deal to tell Daddy Morton that night at dinner.

A week isn't a very long time — though sometimes, when you're waiting for something nice to happen it seems long — and between helping mother pack and writing down the names and addresses of the children who wanted post cards and promising Mrs. Miller to write to her and holding Waggy while Norman taught him tricks, Honey Bunch was an extremely busy girl.

Norman had found Waggy and brought him back and was determined to "educate" him, as he called it. Now Waggy had the best disposition in the world, but he wasn't a trick dog. Mrs. Miller said he didn't have to do tricks because any one who lived with Norman saw enough "monkeyshines," but then Mrs. Miller didn't exactly approve of Norman.

Honey Bunch would hold Waggy for twenty minutes at a time while Norman fixed his feet the way he wanted them; but the

instant Honey Bunch let go of Waggy, down he fell and lay on the ground panting, with such a laughing expression in his nice brown eyes that Honey Bunch and Norman had to laugh, too.

Ida Camp remembered that when Honey Bunch went to Bermuda, she had had a "bon voyage party," and Ida was determined Honey Bunch should have a "shipping party" to surprise her this time.

"What kind of a party is that?" asked Norman, who could always ask questions.

Ida said she didn't know, but as no one else knew either, that didn't matter.

"We can have a party in my yard and my mother will make us a cake," said Ida.

Of course a cake really is a party, so when the company arrived and saw the white and pink cake in the middle of the table, they knew a shipping party was just the kind of party they liked to attend.

There were eight little girls, including Honey Bunch and Ida, and two boys. Ida at first had not intended to ask any boys, but

Norman looked so disappointed she finally said he might come, and she asked Elmer Gray because, said Ida, one boy just didn't fit.

Waggy came to the party, and Lady Clare, Honey Bunch's cat, sat on the fence until she saw him and then she left and no amount of coaxing would induce her to return.

Ida thought they'd better eat the refreshments first and then play, so they ate all the cake and drank all the milk and then played train till Grace Winters and Norman both wanted to be the engineer and couldn't agree, so Ida's mother came out and said they'd better play something that made less noise.

Ida Camp had a little red leather address book to give Honey Bunch and Honey Bunch asked each one to write his or her name and address in it.

"I wrote down everything you told me, but I can't read it now," confessed Honey Bunch.

Ida could print very neatly and she made such clear tiny letters that she was asked to

write each name and address in the book. Norman stood on his head while she was doing this, but he could talk as well upside down as right side up.

"Suppose you're shipwrecked, Honey Bunch," he suggested. "What will you do then?"

Honey Bunch was sitting on the grass, holding Waggy in her lap.

"I'd go ashore," she answered, remembering the people she had seen going ashore after the storm in the motion picture.

"You couldn't go ashore if you were shipwrecked," Norman insisted. "Would you play Robinson Crusoe, Honey Bunch? Would you?"

"She couldn't, she's a girl," said Anna Martin.

"I guess she could be shipwrecked on an island," Norman retorted. "Girls can get shipwrecked if they're on boats, can't they?"

Ida finished writing a name in the little red leather book.

"If you don't stop asking questions, Nor-

man Clark, I won't print your name," she threatened. "Then Honey Bunch won't send you any post cards."

Ida was so gentle and so rarely made a protest that Norman was afraid she wouldn't print his name. So he stopped standing on his head and didn't ask a single question for as much as ten minutes. Then he asked Honey Bunch when she was going home and every one discovered it was five o'clock and they must all go.

At last the day came when the house was locked up and Mrs. Miller stood on the porch waving good-by to Honey Bunch as she and her mother and daddy went down to the taxi that was waiting for them.

Every one who had been at Ida's party—Grace Winters, Anna Martin, Mary and Fannie Graham, Kitty and Cora Williams and Ida, of course, and Elmer Gray—stood on Ida's steps, watching Honey Bunch off. Norman Clark and Waggles sat on top of a stone hitching post and the very last thing Honey Bunch saw as the taxi turned the corner was

Mrs. Miller chasing Norman up the street with a broom. She found out afterward that Norman had told Waggy to go up on the porch and upset the basket in which Lady Clare was hidden, ready to go and stay with Mrs. Miller as she always did when Honey Bunch was away. Mrs. Miller heard Norman telling his dog what to do, so she got her broom and made him run.

The taxi got into a narrow street where another car had broken down and blocked the way, so they had to detour and they reached the station just as the Express was pulling in. Honey Bunch felt herself gathered up in her daddy's arms and knew that her mother was running beside them while the taxi driver raced on ahead, the two suitcases bumping against his legs at every step.

"You'll make it!" the taxi man kept shouting. "You'll make it!"

Well, they did make it. A porter took Honey Bunch and tossed her up to the car platform where a man in a blue uniform—the conductor—caught her and steadied her

nicely. Her daddy lifted her mother up, then swung himself on and after him the taxi man flung the two suitcases just as the train started to move and the step folded up so that no one else could get on.

"Well, we're on, aren't we?" remarked Honey Bunch cheerfully.

"We're here," laughed her daddy. "I like a little more time myself—say, time enough to buy a newspaper—but I'm thankful we caught the train. It would upset all our reservations to make a bad start."

The porter took them into the chair car and found their seats for them and Honey Bunch had her hat and jacket off and was watching the conductor punch their tickets before she remembered to ask where they were going.

"To Buffalo, first," explained her daddy. "We'll get there about six o'clock to-night. I think we'll stay a couple of days, for there is something I want to show you."

Honey Bunch immediately wanted to know what it was, but her daddy wouldn't tell her.

He said that surprises were fun and that if she couldn't guess what he had to show her in Buffalo, she'd have to wait.

So Honey Bunch made up her mind to wait and presently she saw a boy down the aisle who was making the oddest faces at her. Not mean faces, but funny ones that made her chuckle. Honey Bunch knew Norman would have liked to watch this boy make faces, and after a few minutes she went down to his chair to speak to him. Her mother said she might go and Honey Bunch liked to make new friends.

"Hello," said the boy when she reached him. This isn't the first time you've been on a train."

"No, it isn't," agreed Honey Bunch. "How did you know?"

"I'm a detective," the boy said. "I know lots of things."

"Oh-h, what a story!" cried Honey Bunch. "You're not a detective. You made that up."

"Well, I'll show you what a good detective

I am," said the boy. "Put your finger down there and you'll find something."

Honey Bunch saw that he meant for her to put her finger down the crack between the seat and the back of his chair. She put her little pointed forefinger down the crack and felt a stinging pain.

She didn't cry out, because she saw the boy's mother glance up from the magazine she was reading, and Honey Bunch didn't want the boy to be scolded. No, not even if he had told her to put her finger down the crack in the chair and knew there was a pin there ready to hurt her.

"I think I'll go back," said Honey Bunch bravely.

"Did you find something?" teased the bad boy. "I told you you'd find something, didn't I? I didn't say whether you'd like it or not, did I?"

Honey Bunch didn't answer him, but started back up the aisle. He reminded her a little of Norman Clark, he asked so many questions,

but Norman wasn't mean. He would never deliberately let Honey Bunch hurt herself.

"I'm going to Detroit. Where are you going?" called the boy after her.

Honey Bunch took her sore finger out of her mouth—it bled from the pin prick and she was trying to make it stop bleeding—and said "Buffalo" over her shoulder, but she wouldn't look around.

As soon as she got back to her daddy, she asked him how far away Detroit was.

"Miles and miles," answered her daddy. "Why, dear?"

"Is it before or after Buffalo?" asked Honey Bunch.

"After, as we're traveling," Mr. Morton said, smiling.

Honey Bunch resolved to keep out of the way of the bad boy the rest of the trip, if he wasn't going to get off the train before she did.

Keeping out of his way wasn't difficult, for she stayed close to her daddy and they were very busy. They went out on the observation

platform, and then it was lunch time and all three Mortons went into the dining car. After they got back, Honey Bunch went to sleep and had a fine nap and after that she sat up and watched for Buffalo.

The last thing she saw, as she followed her mother and daddy out of the train into the big station, was that boy, making faces at her. He stood up in his chair and leaned across the top and Honey Bunch couldn't resist turning to look at him, whereupon he made such a face she was seriously afraid he might never get it into the right shape again.

CHAPTER VI

SURPRISING HONEY BUNCH

HONEY BUNCH was so tired, after traveling all day, that she did not pay much attention to the hotel in which she presently found herself. All she knew was that her hot dinner tasted delicious, and that the green and white bathroom in which she had her bath was very pretty, and that the white bed into which she climbed next was very soft and comfortable.

She slept so soundly that when she woke in the bright sunshine of the next morning she was rather surprised to find herself in a strange room.

Her mother was dressing and her daddy had already dressed and gone downstairs, she discovered.

"You've been such a sleepyhead I thought you might sleep till after breakfast," said her mother, smiling.

Honey Bunch yawned and slipped out of bed, pattering over to the window.

"I want to look at Buffalo," she explained.

What she could see of Buffalo from the hotel window, looked remarkably like any other city. But across the street was a one story building and on its flat roof a flock of birds were breakfasting. Evidently some one had thrown out a quantity of bread and the sparrows were eating hungrily and with a great chattering that sounded like scolding.

"Mrs. Miller always feeds sparrows, too," said Honey Bunch thoughtfully. "She says they may not be pretty birds and she doesn't think they're useful, but she says a sparrow can feel just as bad, starving to death, as a robin redbreast."

"I think so, too," agreed Honey Bunch's mother, laughing. "We must send Mrs. Miller a post card to-day. Hurry and get dressed now, dear, or Daddy will be starving instead of the sparrows."

Of course Honey Bunch didn't want her daddy to starve, so she dressed as quickly as

she could, which was very quickly indeed.

When she and her mother went downstairs, Mr. Morton was waiting for them in the lobby. They went into the dining room, and as Honey Bunch had been so sleepy the night before, she found it a brand new place.

They had a table near a window and they all laughed at that, remembering how Honey Bunch had "reserved" the table in the department store restaurant.

"Well, here we are in Buffalo," said Mr. Morton comfortably, when Honey Bunch had a bowl of oatmeal before her. "Shall I show you the surprise this morning, Honey Bunch, or would you rather wait till afternoon?"

Now, did you ever know a little girl who would rather wait for a surprise than to have it right away? Of course not! And Honey Bunch was like all other little girls.

"Show it to me this morning, Daddy," she begged.

But when they had finished breakfast, they found rain drops spattering on the pavements

and roofs, and Mr. Morton said that the surprise would have to keep till the next day.

"Couldn't we see it in the rain?" asked Honey Bunch curiously.

"Yes, we could," her daddy admitted. "But it is much finer in the sun. You won't be sorry you waited, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch might have found it more difficult to wait, except that her daddy and mother declared that rain wouldn't keep them indoors. They could see the city of Buffalo, and they did.

Mr. Morton hired a car and a driver and they drove through the parks first, miles and miles of beautiful parks. They had lunch in one of the downtown hotels and Honey Bunch and her mother went through some of the shops, where Honey Bunch bought a string of beads for Ida, a handkerchief for Mrs. Miller, and a little toy airplane for Norman Clark.

Then they drove along the water front and saw Buffalo's magnificent harbor, and the

driver told them that the city had thirty-seven miles of water front.

"More than ten thousand steamers arrive and depart from this harbor during the season," said the driver. "It would be quite a fleet, if we saw them all together, wouldn't it?"

Honey Bunch couldn't imagine ten thousand ships all grouped together, but she said she would tell Ida.

"Suppose it rains to-morrow, Daddy?" she asked, when she was eating her dinner that night.

"Oh, I don't think it will," he replied. "But if it does, we'll have to go and see the surprise in the rain; we can't stay longer than to-morrow in Buffalo."

However, the next morning the sun shone brightly. It was one of those clear, cool days when the sky looked washed and clean and the streets seemed to have been scoured.

"Now we'll see the surprise, shan't we?" asked Honey Bunch happily.

They started as soon as breakfast was over.

"Do you know where we're going Mother?" asked Honey Bunch, as she trotted along between her daddy and mother down a beautiful busy street.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Morton said, smiling.

Honey Bunch didn't know when the surprise would begin, so she kept looking intently. The first thing that happened was that her daddy took them to the train. An electric train, he explained, and it was run by electricity like a trolley car, instead of by steam as regular railroad trains are run.

This electric train was very fast and they rode about an hour. It made no stops and so no one got off or on, after it had once started. When it finally reached a station, every one got off and Honey Bunch found herself in the midst of a crowd.

Gay-looking trolley cars with short red and white awnings were waiting, and the passengers quickly filled these. Honey Bunch was fortunate enough to get a seat at the end and her daddy held on to her tightly. Her mother sat next to him.

"Now we're off for Canada!" said Mr. Morton. "Say good-by to your native land, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch just stared. Then she held her breath, for the trolley car was slowly crossing a bridge that seemed to be built in the air!

Far, far, down there was water—the passenger behind Honey Bunch was telling his wife he could see it. But Honey Bunch didn't try to see the water below, for she was watching a great sheet of rainbow-colored water that poured over a precipice.

"Niagara Falls!" cried a little boy somewhere up at the front of the car. "Niagara Falls! Just like the geography book!"

Honey Bunch remembered the geography that belonged to Ida Camp's big brother. That had pictures of Niagara Falls in it, too. And here was Honey Bunch Morton, sitting comfortably in a trolley car, seeing the real Niagara Falls.

"It's the surprise, isn't it, Daddy?" asked Honey Bunch. "What a lot of water!"

As soon as the trolley car reached land, Honey Bunch's daddy told her, she would be in Canada. Honey Bunch rather expected it to look "different," but she couldn't see that Canada was any different from the United States, at least not the part of it she saw that day.

The trolley took them upstream on the Canadian side and the beautiful park surrounding them was Queen Victoria Park, Mr. Morton said, Mrs. Miller's grandma had seen Queen Victoria when the grandma was a little girl, so Honey Bunch thought it would be nice to tell Mrs. Miller, when she reached home, that she, Honey Bunch, had seen Queen Victoria's park.

The first stop the trolley made was near a stone tower which seemed to be decorated with large and curious-looking lights.

"At night these lights are turned on the falls," explained Mr. Morton. "On certain nights the lights are colored and then Niagara Falls looks like red and purple and orange and green water."

The next stop was at Table Rock, at the brink of the Horseshoe Fall. Honey Bunch didn't want to go very near the water—she said she could see it perfectly well if she stood back a little way—and when the trolley car rocked on its way again, she was secretly rather glad.

Now they were riding along close to a rushing river of water that was fascinating to watch. The water tossed and tumbled and seethed and it made such a fuss that it churned up foam like soapsuds, just the way the ferry boats did when they chugged across a river.

"How would you like to be out there with a canoe?" Honey Bunch heard one man ask another.

"No thanks, trolley tracks are good enough for me," said the man he spoke to.

But if Honey Bunch thought the water "carried on," as Mrs. Miller would have said, when they came to the Whirlpool Rapids, she saw the water boiling and bubbling with three times as much fury.

All this boiling, angry water swept to-

gether into one mass at a spot called the Whirlpool. A great many of the passengers got off the trolley here and crossed the Whirlpool in a wire cage, or basket, that swung out over the water on a steel cable. Honey Bunch thought she would rather stay on land and so did her daddy and mother. So they remained on the trolley.

It might not have been as exciting as swinging out over the rushing water, but it was very beautiful to circle the Whirlpool, and Honey Bunch stood up on the seat when she saw two rivers, instead of one.

"You don't really see two rivers," her daddy told her.

Honey Bunch blinked. She was sure she saw two; one came toward her and one flowed away in the other direction.

"It's a mirage, dear," Mrs. Morton explained. "What really makes it is the water pouring down into the gorge and being carried away."

Honey Bunch supposed, if every one said so, that she didn't really see two rivers, and

when the car brought them to Niagara Glen, where dozens of people were having picnics, she forgot the two rivers.

The trolley carried them on, past a great power plant and a statue erected to the memory of a British general, Sir Isaac Brock. who had died in 1812.

Then Honey Bunch felt the car going downhill and presently they were out on another bridge and crossing the water again.

"Now we're back in your native land, Honey Bunch," declared her daddy smilingly, when they reached the other side.

This was Lewiston, and they stopped there for a quarter of an hour. Honey Bunch bought some post cards and also a little silver spoon with a picture of the Falls engraved in the spoon part for Ida.

Then every one found a place in the trolley again and they went on.

To Honey Bunch's surprise, the car went even nearer to the edge of the water than it had before and when they came to the Whirlpool she thought for one dreadful moment

that they were going to ride right under that mass of water.

The waves seemed mountain high to her; the water crashed down with a roar that was deafening; out of the foamy, boiling mass great rocks stuck up dark and black, then disappeared as more water came down upon them.

"Oh-h!" cried Honey Bunch, hiding her face against her daddy's coat. "I can't hear me! I can't hear me, Daddy! I don't like it here!"

Though of course Honey Bunch wasn't frightened long, she was truly glad when the trolley car went on. She admitted the water was beautiful and she was glad there was such a sight in her native land, but she thought it was much too big.

"Beside it makes such a noise!" she declared.

CHAPTER VII

ON BOARD THE MARQUETTE

WHEN Honey Bunch and Mother and Daddy were once more in the city of Niagara Falls, Honey Bunch sent Mrs. Miller a post card and also sent one to Ida Camp, and one to Norman Clark. She knew that Mrs. Miller and Norman would love to see the beautiful water pouring down and it would be impossible to send them too many cards as long as each one carried a different view. As for Ida, the more she learned about her native land, the better. But for herself, Honey Bunch Morton was secretly glad when the time came to go on board the lake steamer.

She stayed with her mother in the city of Niagara Falls the rest of that day. Her daddy went out to the falls again and put on a rubber suit and walked under the waterfall, but Honey Bunch wouldn't have done that

for anything. Instead she helped her mother choose pin trays and ash trays and more silver spoons all with pictures of the Falls on them. Mrs. Morton said their friends in Barham would like to have souvenirs of Niagara Falls.

When Mr. Morton returned, they rode back to Buffalo and walked from the electric train to the hotel. Even the beautiful square through which they walked to reach the hotel was named Niagara Square.

If Honey Bunch was rather overwhelmed by the Falls, there was no doubt in her mind about the lake steamer. She went on board the next morning with her mother and daddy and she thought it a splendid ship.

"It has so many stories!" she exclaimed happily.

She tagged along after her mother and daddy and, hopping downstairs, followed them into about the nicest little bedroom you ever saw. If Honey Bunch had not known she was on a boat, she would never have thought of it when she saw this stateroom, for nothing in it suggested water or a voyage or

ships or sails. There were two beds, just as in her daddy's and mother's bedroom at home, a wide dresser, and a bench before it where her mother would undoubtedly sit to brush her hair as she did at home.

"See where you're to fit in, Honey Bunch?" asked her daddy.

He pointed to an alcove at one end of the stateroom, and there, under two windows, was a little bed exactly the right size for a little girl!

"Did they know I was coming?" Honey Bunch questioned, her face so delighted that it was a pity the man who had planned the boat and put that little bed in the alcove couldn't have seen her.

"Did they know I was coming, Daddy?"

"They certainly did," Mr. Morton declared. "I wrote them several weeks ago and told them you'd be here and would they please see that you had a comfortable place to sleep? And there you are!"

"I only wish," said Honey Bunch, "that the children on our street could see me now."

However, it wasn't bedtime and, as Mr. Morton said, it was a shame to spend too much time below deck when so much was going on in the open air. So they left their luggage and went up to the main deck, which was crowded.

Honey Bunch couldn't sort out the people who were going from the people who had come to see them go, and by and by she stopped trying. She stood quietly beside her daddy and mother and watched the grown-ups hurrying back and forth and listened to them talk. Every now and then the crowd parted and Honey Bunch saw a little girl in a green dress on the other side of the deck. She thought she would like to know her, but it was too far to go over and speak to her. The little girl saw Honey Bunch looking at her once or twice, and she smiled. She had pretty dark eyes and a gap in her front teeth where several were missing.

There was a very fussy fat lady standing near Honey Bunch and she *would* keep her leather suitcase in exactly the wrong spot.

Half a dozen people, hurrying past her, fell over it and every one of them turned around and said, "I beg your pardon," and stood the suitcase up again.

"If she'd put it in back of her instead of in front of her, they wouldn't fall over it," thought Honey Bunch.

When the seventh person fell over that suitcase, Honey Bunch could stand it no longer. She darted out and moved the suitcase around behind the fat lady, and because she was such a short little girl in such a deep crowd no one saw her do it. As Mrs. Miller was fond of saying, Honey Bunch was "like a streak of lightning sometimes." This was one of the times.

Just as she put the suitcase where she thought it ought to be, Mr. Morton suggested that they go to the rear of the boat, and they moved away from the stout lady. Honey Bunch was looking at the tall buildings on the shore when, to her great surprise, the whole city moved back!

Honey Bunch blinked.

"What made it move?" she said aloud.

Her daddy laughed and declared that Buffalo had not moved at all.

"We're moving, dear," he explained. "See, we're out on the lake."

"Is this a Great Lake?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, indeed," her daddy replied. "We're on Lake Erie and it's two hundred and ten feet deep, which makes it a great lake, doesn't it?"

Honey Bunch thought it did, but before she could puzzle out how deep two hundred and ten feet might be, her mother said it was time to go down and have their dinner.

Each table seated four persons, and the Mortons had just ordered their dinner when a thin, freckled-faced young man, wearing dark-rimmed spectacles, took the seat opposite Honey Bunch.

"Good evening," he said politely.

Honey Bunch's daddy and mother said "Good evening," and in a few minutes they

were chatting with the freckled-faced young man as though they had known him in Barham.

He said his name was Yorke Camden, and that he was traveling with his sister and her husband and their two children.

"There wasn't room for me at their table, so the steward put me here," he explained.

He told Honey Bunch to look across the room and she would see his two little nieces. One of them was a girl about thirteen or fourteen and the other was the little girl in the green dress who had smiled at Honey Bunch on deck!

"I'll introduce you after dinner," promised Mr. Camden. "Lola is about your age and she's a good little scout."

Then he asked Honey Bunch how she liked the steamer and she said she liked it very much indeed.

"I sleep in a bed," she told him proudly.

Mr. Camden laughed and said that every one was very comfortable on board the *Marquette.*

"Is that the name of the boat?" asked Honey Bunch, who had so many new things to learn that she had to take them one at a time.

"It's the name of the boat," Mr. Camden said. "I believe it's the name of an early missionary who taught the Indians. You'll see Indians, you know, before you finish this trip."

Then he and Mr. Morton talked about traveling and Honey Bunch ate her dinner and wished that Norman had known she was going to meet Indians. If there was one thing that Norman liked, it was to read or see or hear about Indians. He was always planning to go hunting for Indians when he grew up, and Honey Bunch determined to write him another postal card the first thing in the morning and tell him that she expected to see Indians soon.

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Camden took the Mortons up to his sister's family, who were waiting for him in the steamer's parlors, and introduced them. Mr. and Mrs.

French, Lola's parents, were very pleasant people, and Lola and Honey Bunch, at first too shy to talk much to each other, before bedtime had become excellent friends. Myrtle, Lola's older sister, was a book-worm, her daddy said, and she liked to curl up in a chair and read instead of playing.

"I don't think book-worm is a nice name to call Myrtle," said Honey Bunch, when she was undressing to go to bed that night. "I think a nice girl like Myrtle should be called a book-bird or a book-cat or something nice. I think worms are horrid."

Mrs. Morton laughed and said that the reason people who read all the time were called book-worms was because there really was a little worm that devoured books.

"He eats up the words, just as Myrtle's eyes eat up the words," said Mrs. Morton. "Besides, a great many people wouldn't be complimented to be called 'book-cats,' I'm afraid."

"Cats are noble animals," Honey Bunch insisted. "I'd like people to call me a book-cat."

Then she tumbled into that most beautiful little alcove bed and though she intended to stay awake long enough to find out if she could feel the boat moving, she went to sleep before she could wink twice. She dreamed that Myrtle was reading a book about cats aloud to her, too.

In the morning, there was Lola smiling across the dining room at her, quite like an old friend, and Mr. Yorke Camden who had been for a walk on deck with his brother-in-law and Daddy Morton asked Honey Bunch if she had slept well in that wonderful bed.

"Where," said Honey Bunch seriously, "are the Indians?"

"Oh, we haven't come to them yet," Mr. Camden told her, smiling. "I'll let you know when to expect them."

After breakast, Lola came to ask if Honey Bunch could play with her on the children's play deck. Honey Bunch's mother was willing, and the two little girls ran off to the place Lola's uncle, who had taken this trip

many times before, had told her about. There was a sand box and sand toys, swings, and everything that children on land like. They were twice as much fun here on deck.

"Let's build a fort," suggested Lola, who was fond of playing in the sand.

Honey Bunch got down on her knees and began to help. As they patted the sand into shape Lola noticed the ring with a little blue stone in it that Honey Bunch wore.

"Isn't that a pretty ring!" said Lola admiringly. "What kind of a stone is that?"

"It's a turquoise," Honey Bunch explained. "I was born in December, so that's my birthstone. Daddy gave it to me."

"My daddy gave me this ring, too," said Lola, showing Honey Bunch the little gold seal ring she wore. "It has my initials on it: L. G. F. My middle name is Grace."

Then Lola suggested that she wear Honey Bunch's ring for a little while and that Honey Bunch wear hers.

"It will be fun to trade," said Lola, and Honey Bunch thought so, too.

She put on Lola's seal ring, and Lola took her turquoise ring and then they set to work to finish the fort. They worked on it the rest of the morning and after lunch and most of the afternoon. Then they had to stop to be washed and dressed for dinner and afterward no one thought of the sand box, because the ship was coming to Cleveland.

"Let's go and see Cleveland," suggested Honey Bunch sociably, when she heard some one say they would soon dock.

Several people who heard her laughed, and as she and Lola were climbing the stairs from the main parlor to the deck, Myrtle called Lola.

"Mother wants you right away, Lola," said Myrtle importantly.

"I'll be right back, Honey Bunch," Lola promised.

CHAPTER VIII

HONEY BUNCH, SAILOR

HONEY BUNCH waited patiently for Lola a long time. As long as two minutes. Or perhaps three minutes. Then she began to think that Lola was staying away a long while.

"I'm going around to where my father and mother are," said Honey Bunch to the little boy who was standing beside her.

"See that fat lady?" he asked, as if he hadn't heard her. "The one in the spotted dress?"

Honey Bunch looked. Seated in a comfortable reed chair was the fat lady who had let every one fall over her suitcase.

"You ought to have heard her yesterday," said the little boy. "She was on deck and she began to cry and said some one had stolen her suitcase. She made so much noise that nearly every one on the steamer came to see what the matter was. And my father found

her suitcase right behind her. She said she had it down at her feet and a robber must have moved it back of her."

Honey Bunch giggled, but she wouldn't tell the little boy what made her laugh. Honey Bunch was sorry if she had worried the fat lady, but really you'd expect any one who had lost a suitcase to look around for it, wouldn't you?

"Anyway," said Honey Bunch to herself, "I saved some people from falling over it, I guess."

She trotted along the deck until she found her daddy and her mother standing at the rail. They were gazing at something intently and some of the other passengers were shading their eyes with their hands and were staring, too.

"It must be a large fire," said Mr. Morton, when Honey Bunch asked him what he was looking at.

He lifted Honey Bunch up and held her on the rail.

"Aren't we going to visit?" asked Honey

Bunch, a little disappointed as she saw people going ashore.

"We don't make a long stop," said her daddy, "and mother is tired. We thought we'd stay here and be comfortable."

"Look! Look!" shouted a man on the wharf.

He pointed inland. Honey Bunch saw great black clouds of smoke rolling up toward the sky and across these black clouds, red, red flames spurted.

"It *is* a fire!" she said.

They stood at the rail half an hour or so, watching the smoke and the occasional red flames that burst out of the inky clouds. Just before Mrs. Morton said Honey Bunch must go to bed, a taxi cab drove up and two men got out to go on board the ship.

"Where's the fire?" a chorus from the deck hailed them.

"It's one of the big hotels," one of the men answered. "Lucky it didn't happen later, after the guests had retired. As it is, a lot of people have lost their baggage."

Honey Bunch was glad enough to go to

bed in her alcove bed, and though she wondered why Lola hadn't come back as she said she would, she was too sleepy to wonder long about anything. She never knew when the boat left the Cleveland dock and in the morning she was surprised to find that they had been steaming all night and had almost reached another great city.

"We'll see Detroit soon," said her daddy, after she was dressed in a clean pink dress and had gone up on deck to find him.

But before they could come to Detroit there would be breakfast and also her daddy wanted to take a walk around the deck.

"Did you see Lola, Daddy?" asked Honey Bunch, looking around to see if she could see her little friend.

"No, dear, I haven't seen her this morning," replied Mr. Morton. "I haven't seen Mr. Camden, either. He was to take a before-breakfast tramp with me. It looks as though you and I will have to be company for each other."

Honey Bunch dearly loved to walk with her

daddy. He could answer every question she asked. And as they went around and around the deck, he told her some interesting things about ships.

"Facing this way, Honey Bunch," he said, as they stood looking toward the front of the boat, "it is starboard on your right, and port on your left. That's the way sailors speak of the right and left side of a ship."

"When they're looking front," repeated Honey Bunch, to help herself remember.

"The front of a ship is the bow," explained her daddy, smiling. "And the other end is the stern. Can you remember that?"

Honey Bunch was sure she could. Then she jumped as the ship's whistle blew sharply, once, twice.

"We're going to pass another boat," said her daddy. "When the whistle blows once, that means we'll pass it on the right, and two blasts, such as we heard just now, means we'll pass it on the left."

Honey Bunch looked and saw another beautiful steamer, very like the ship she was

on. The *Marquette* passed so close to the other steamer that the passengers on the decks of each could see each other clearly.

"I suppose, if nobody blew a whistle," said Honey Bunch thoughtfully, "the boats would dodge each other, the way people do in the street sometimes. They might both try to go in the same direction."

Her daddy agreed that this could easily happen.

The deck steward passed them, a roll of rugs on his arm.

"You're out early," he said pleasantly.

"We're good sailors," Honey Bunch's daddy told him.

"Can this young lady use a watch for a compass?" asked the steward gravely.

Honey Bunch shook her head.

"Dear me, dear me, don't tell me you're sailing with us on the *Marquette* and can't use a watch for a compass," said the steward, pretending to be much shocked.

He put down his armful of rugs and took a watch out of his pocket.

"Some day, if you're ever shipwrecked or lost in the woods, this will help you," he assured Honey Bunch.

He was so tall and she was so short, he had to get down on his knees to show her.

"We point the hour hand to the sun," he explained—"like this."

And he showed her the hour hand of his watch pointing directly to the sun. It was just six o'clock, so you'll see how early Honey Bunch was up.

"Now the point between the hour hand and the figure XII on my watch is south," said the steward. "See if you can find south for me."

Honey Bunch studied the watch carefully.

"I think it's that little black dot by the figure three," she ventured.

"Exactly right and you're a first class sailor," said the steward warmly. "Any time you want to ship on one of our vessels, you speak to me and I'll speak to the captain."

Then he went on to arrange his rugs and Honey Bunch went down to their cabin to tell her mother that she could tell where south

was by looking at a watch and to explain to her what it meant when their ship whistled twice.

"Dear me, what a lot you do learn, and before breakfast, too!" cried her mother, kissing her.

Honey Bunch wondered about the French family, for they didn't come to breakfast. No Mr. Yorke Camden came to sit at their table, either. Mrs. Morton said that perhaps they didn't like to get up early, and if they were not going ashore at Detroit, perhaps they wouldn't need to hurry.

"Are we going ashore?" asked Honey Bunch eagerly.

"Indeed we are," said her daddy. "We want to see the city. We have almost four hours to spend, and in that time we ought to find a post card nice enough for Ida Camp."

That made Honey Bunch laugh, for she never could bring herself to buy an ordinary post card for Ida; she always wanted the very prettiest picture postal to be had, and sometimes it took her so long to look the cards over

and choose one for Ida that there was no time left to buy cards for the other children and for good Mrs. Miller.

As soon as they had finished breakfast, they went up on deck and Honey Bunch's daddy surprised her by telling her that they were now in the Detroit River.

"We're going to the largest city in the state of Michigan," he declared. "It's the fourth largest in the United States. You can write that to Ida, Honey Bunch."

"I will. It's about her native land and she ought to be interested," said Honey Bunch, who was determined to improve Ida's geography at every opportunity.

She meant to ask her mother if she couldn't find out where Lola's stateroom was, in order to tell her she was going ashore, but in the bustle of getting ready to go sightseeing, Honey Bunch forgot Lola for a moment.

Detroit was a city to please a man, Mrs. Morton declared, and she and Honey Bunch had a good time going with Daddy Morton

to the places he wanted to see. They walked through miles and miles of automobile factories; they saw a building that was eighty-one stories high and Honey Bunch almost fell over backward, trying to count them, and finally decided that she would have to take the word of the policeman who pointed it out to them.

They saw the house where Colonel Charles Lindbergh was born and then Honey Bunch did wish that Norman Clark had come with them; Norman was always saying he meant to be an aviator when he grew up and he practised flying on the back fence now till, said Mrs. Miller, it was enough to "curdle you."

"It never curdled me to see Norman fly," said Honey Bunch, buying a post card with an airplane on it for Norman, "but perhaps if he didn't always fall down, it would."

Because they had had such an early breakfast, they had a little lunch before they went back to the ship, and while Honey Bunch

was washing her hands in the washroom of the restaurant, her mother noticed the gold seal ring.

"Why, I never saw that ring!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get it, dear?"

"It's Lola's," explained Honey Bunch. "She has my turquoise ring. We traded."

"You must give it back to her as soon as we go on board again," Mrs. Morton said, "and get your ring back, too. We don't know how far Lola is going, and you might forget you had each other's rings."

CHAPTER IX

THE LOST RING

"Now we've seen Detroit, and I'm glad!" exclaimed Honey Bunch, as she and her daddy and her mother approached the dock at which the *Marquette* was tied up.

As soon as they went on board, Mrs. Morton asked Honey Bunch to be sure to give Lola French her ring.

"She's probably up on the deck with her mother, or perhaps on the children's play deck," said Mrs. Morton. "Tell her your mother doesn't want you to keep her ring any longer."

Honey Bunch started off to search for Lola. She couldn't find her anywhere. When she asked the little boy who had been playing in the swings the day before if he had seen a little girl in a green dress, he said no.

"I just can't find Lola, Mother," said

Honey Bunch, after she had looked faithfully.

"I'll ask the steward the number of their stateroom," Mr. Morton promised.

He went off to look for the steward, and Honey Bunch sat down in her daddy's chair, next to her mother.

"We're moving!" exclaimed Honey Bunch.

Sure enough, they were leaving Detroit and another part of their voyage had begun.

Before Honey Bunch could ask where the next stop would be, she saw her daddy coming back.

"The steward tells me that the Frenches left the steamer at Cleveland," he said. "Mr. Camden went with them. Mr. French had a telegram, and they had to cut their trip short."

"But I have her ring!" cried Honey Bunch. "And she has my ring!"

Well, there didn't seem to be anything to be done about it. Cleveland was a long way off and it was a large city. No one knew where Mr. and Mrs. French had gone, whether they had stayed in Cleveland or gone

home. No one knew where they lived, either; so Mrs. Morton couldn't write a letter and tell Lola's mother that she would mail the ring back to her.

"I don't see how I will ever get my ring," mourned Honey Bunch. "My darling ring that my daddy gave me! And Lola likes her ring, because her daddy gave it to her."

"Take good care of it, dear, and perhaps some day we'll find where Lola lives," Mrs. Morton said encouragingly. "She will take care of your ring for you, I am sure. And you may meet Lola sometime, because stranger things than that have happened."

But Honey Bunch's mother really didn't expect that Honey Bunch would ever get her ring back. Only she couldn't bear to have her little girl feel bad.

Honey Bunch found that she was hungry again when the luncheon hour came, and, though she missed Lola in the dining room, her daddy told her that she would soon see another lake and that gave her something to think about.

"We go through a canal into Lake St. Clair," explained Mr. Morton, "and then we enter a river that takes us out into Lake Huron."

"A Great Lake?" asked Honey Bunch anxiously.

"One of the Great Lakes," her daddy assured her, smiling. "That's the second Great Lake you will have seen. We started on Lake Erie, you know."

Honey Bunch resolved to write to Ida and Mrs. Miller that evening that she had seen two of the Great Lakes. Only, perhaps it would be better to wait till morning, for she really had seen only Lake Erie so far. Mrs. Miller and Ida both liked to hear everything Honey Bunch had seen and exactly where she had been.

Honey Bunch stayed the whole afternoon on deck. There was a wonderful breeze and she loved to watch the water. She could tell now when the whistle blew on which side of a vessel they would pass and she was able

to tell the deck steward in which direction south was when he pulled out his watch and asked her.

Mrs. Morton settled down to write letters, but, as Honey Bunch explained to her daddy, she thought post cards were enough to write when traveling. Honey Bunch mailed post cards everywhere she went, but not a letter did she write.

Soon after dinner that evening, while it was still quite light, the *Marquette* sailed into beautiful Lake Huron. They passed a light-ship, and Honey Bunch thought it would be fun to live on one.

"You'd be tired of it soon," her daddy declared. "And what would you do for a pavement when you wanted to roller skate?"

Honey Bunch hadn't thought of that. She decided it wouldn't be as much fun to live on a ship, perhaps, as to live in a house. Ships were fine to visit, she thought, but houses had back yards and front pavements and were better for every day.

"Now we won't see land until to-morrow morning," said Mr. Morton, as they left the lightship behind.

"Not even if we stay up late?" asked Honey Bunch.

"Not even if we don't go to bed at all," her daddy asserted. "We will be out of sight of land, so I think we might just as well go to bed early, don't you?"

Honey Bunch would have liked to stay up and listen to the ship's concert, but her mother promised to leave the stateroom door open, and to her delight Honey Bunch could hear the music as she lay in her alcove bed. That is, she heard two numbers and she was thinking how much she would like to be able to play the violin when she went to sleep, a performance that never failed to surprise her.

She and her daddy were up on deck early the next morning and the steward said he'd been expecting them. He told Honey Bunch that he had three little girls at home and that he expected to see them that very day.

"Where do your little girls live?" asked Honey Bunch, much interested.

"On Mackinac Island," said the steward.

"I think I'd like to live on an island," said Honey Bunch, who had been to the Bermuda Islands and liked them very much.

"Well, there's one thing like Bermuda on Mackinac," the steward declared. "We don't have any automobiles. All horses and carriages. It makes it real peaceful."

Honey Bunch liked automobiles and she thought them peaceful enough, but she didn't argue. Instead she asked the steward what were the names of his three little girls.

"Violet, Mary and Adelaide," said the steward.

Honey Bunch thought those were pretty names and when she went down to breakfast she told her mother about the steward's three little girls and about the island where there were no automobiles.

"What a lot you do learn, Honey Bunch," said Mrs. Morton again. "It must be because you get up so early."

Mackinac Island had a beautiful harbor. The *Marquette* glided into it so smoothly that Honey Bunch almost thought the land was moving instead of the ship. The breeze was so strong that she was glad to put on her rose-pink sweater.

"We're getting the wind from two lakes," explained her daddy. "Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. No wonder you need a sweater when two lakes are sending us breezes."

As soon as she saw the island, Honey Bunch knew that she should have to sent post cards to every one she knew. There was a great deal she wanted to tell.

She knew that Norman would quite lose his head over the fort they went to see first—such an old, old fort! The old man who sat whittling a stick of wood out in front told Honey Bunch that the Indians had tried many times to capture it. If Norman Clark ever saw a fort that a real Indian had tried to take he would—well, Honey Bunch didn't know just what he would do. Stand on his head, perhaps. The block house, where the early

settlers had stayed, was really quite a good house still, but the stockade was almost entirely decayed. Honey Bunch's daddy explained to her that the stockade was like a high wall or fence and that the settlers locked the gate at night and felt quite safe.

After visiting the old fort, they took a lovely drive along the shore. Though Honey Bunch kept a sharp watch out for the steward's three little girls, she didn't see them.

Her daddy asked her how she would know the children if she did see them, and Honey Bunch said she was sure that if she saw three little girls "in a row," that would mean they were the steward's daughters.

Their driver took them to one high spot from which they could see the two Great Lakes and ships passing on them, and, far away, cities, and islands before you reached the cities. Honey Bunch said that this would be a lovely place to build a house and she would like to sit in the parlor windows and look out. But the driver said that no one could build a house there, because all the

tourists liked to come there and look out over the water.

"You know you wouldn't like people to be always standing in the front yard of your house, would you?" said the driver.

"No, I wouldn't like that," Honey Bunch agreed. "Anyway, this is too far away from Barham. Ida Camp couldn't come and see me and perhaps Mrs. Miller couldn't wash for us."

By the time their drive was over, both Honey Bunch and her mother were thirsty.

"Ice-cream soda thirsty." Honey Bunch explained.

So their daddy said they would take a little walk and they might find a soda fountain or a stand where they could get ice cream, and they hadn't walked very far, before they did find such a place.

Honey Bunch's mother said she just had to sit down and rest, so they found a little round table just large enough for three, and Mr. Morton went to the fountain to order three vanilla sodas. Honey Bunch glanced at the

people sitting nearest them, and, my goodness, if she didn't see the boy who had made faces at her on the train! The boy who had asked her to put her fingers down the crack of the chair seat!

Honey Bunch stared at him and he stared at her. In fact, he stared so intently that he forgot to watch his spoon. He had a plate of chocolate ice cream in front of him, and without looking at it, he dipped his spoon into it and the next moment he had pulled the whole saucer over into his lap.

He jumped and Honey Bunch laughed. She couldn't help it. He was so surprised and so angry to find his ice cream in his lap instead of in his mouth.

His mother, who was with him, jumped up, too, but before she could say a word, the boy had grabbed a handful of paper napkins from the silver holder on the table and hurled them straight at Honey Bunch!

CHAPTER X

MAKING A WISH

THE paper napkins, most of them, fell on the table and on the floor. Some of them became unfolded and sailed down the room like small airplanes.

"Albert!" said the boy's mother sternly, "what do you mean by acting in this manner? Tell that little girl you're sorry, and then pick up every one of those napkins. It's bad enough to have you ruin your clean suit, without having you make an exhibition of yourself into the bargain."

Albert mumbled, "Sorry," to Honey Bunch and got down on his hands and knees and picked up the paper napkins. His mother marched him out, just as Mr. Morton came up with the sodas.

"I really don't think you should have laughed, Honey Bunch," said Mrs. Morton

gently. "But of course he shouldn't throw things—only very little children ever get mad and throw things."

"He was on the train," said Honey Bunch, tasting her soda, which was fine.

But she didn't say the bad boy had let her stick herself with a pin. Honey Bunch didn't believe in telling tales. She looked at her finger now and she couldn't see any signs of the prick.

"He said he was going to Detroit," she said. "Maybe he doesn't tell the truth."

Her daddy laughed at that. He had seen the boy from the fountain just as he spilled the ice cream on himself.

"I think he tells the truth, Honey Bunch," said Mr. Morton. "He could go to Detroit on the train and take a steamer from there. But I don't think we'll miss him if we never see him again."

Honey Bunch felt that way herself, and she resolved to send two post cards to Norman Clark instead of one. There had been times when she thought Norman asked too

many questions, but he was a much nicer boy in every way than this Albert.

"Now there's one place we must visit," said Honey Bunch's mother, smiling, when they had finished their sodas.

Honey Bunch couldn't guess and her daddy couldn't guess, and when Mrs. Morton told them it was a spring, they both looked astonished.

"A spring?" repeated Mr. Morton. "What kind of spring?"

"When spring comes in, the leaves come out," Honey Bunch said gravely, reciting some poetry that she and Ida Camp had learned for Sunday school.

Mrs. Morton laughed till she had to wipe her eyes.

"What am I ever going to do with you!" she sighed. "Haven't either of you ever heard of a spring of water? With so much water all around us, I should think the first thing you'd recall when I said 'spring' would be water."

Honey Bunch and her daddy had to laugh

at themselves. Neither one had thought of a water spring.

"This is a very special kind of spring," said Mrs. Morton, looking so earnest and pretty that Honey Bunch had to hug her.

"The driver of our carriage told me about it," continued Mrs. Morton. "He says that if you dip your finger into the water and make a wish and never, never tell any one what you wish, it will come true!"

Honey Bunch's daddy laughed and said he didn't believe a word of it, but that they would go and take a look at this wonderful spring.

Honey Bunch was charmed. She loved to make wishes and she liked secrets and she was sure she could keep a secret; at least till she got home, when she would have to tell Ida Camp. She and Ida always told each other all their secrets.

"Let's go," said Honey Bunch, beaming.

Her mother had asked all the directions of the driver and they found the spring without trouble. Apparently a great many people

wanted to make a wish and keep a secret, because there was a crowd around the spring.

As Honey Bunch was awaiting her turn to get near enough to put her finger in the water, she suddenly knew what she wanted to wish. At first she had thought she would wish for a new doll or for an airplane for Norman Clark, but now she knew exactly what she wanted more than anything else in the world.

Her daddy held her while she put her hand in the water—she was so excited she put in her arm half way up to her elbow—and he laughed because she shut her eyes tight while she wished.

"I wish—I—wish—I wish that I'd get my darling turquoise ring back," said Honey Bunch to herself.

Of course no one knew what she wished and she was so afraid she might forget and tell that all the way back to the steamer she hardly said two words.

"I just know I'll get my ring back," she said to herself over and over, for Honey Bunch be-

lieved in magic and this was a magic spring, of course.

She found another little girl to play with when they went on board again. A little brown-eyed girl in a bright red frock, who said her name was Jessie. She and her daddy and mother had been spending a week on the island and now they were going to see the rest of the Great Lakes.

There was another surprise for Honey Bunch, besides finding a new little girl to play with. In the afternoon, Mr. Morton showed Honey Bunch a parcel of letters and newspapers and postals that he had found waiting in Mackinac for him. There were letters for Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and, my goodness, several addressed to "Miss Honey Bunch Morton."

Ida Camp had written her a letter and so had Mrs. Miller. Ida's letter said that Norman Clark had fallen off the back fence again, playing airplane, and had skinned his nose. Mrs. Miller's letter said that Lady Clare,

Honey Bunch's cat, was well and sent her love to her little mistress.

Honey Bunch was glad to get letters, but she listened while her mother read them to her rather hurriedly, for there was a great deal of interesting scenery to be seen. As Honey Bunch told Jessie, she certainly liked "to see scenery."

They had left Lake Huron, to steam up another river, and Mr. Morton said they would come presently to another city, the city of Sault Ste. Marie.

He showed Honey Bunch and Jessie on the map where they were going and explained to them that sailing up these rivers was really like making a detour from the main road in an automobile.

"Oh, look!" cried Honey Bunch, as they passed a pretty village.

The ship passed several of these pretty towns and they looked like painted pictures, everything was so bright and still and the background of trees was so dark. Honey Bunch and Jessie stood at the rail and both

decided they would like to go ashore and see the villages, but of course they understood that if the steamer stopped at every place where there was a town, they might spend six months making the tour.

When they finally came in sight of Sault Ste. Marie, they saw another city across the river.

"Now, look, Honey Bunch," said Mr. Morton gravely. "You can write Ida that you've seen a city not in her native land."

"Where is it, where is it?" asked Honey Bunch, bouncing because she was so excited.

"There it is," her daddy answered, pointing across the river.

"Why, isn't that in my native land?" asked Honey Bunch, thinking her daddy must be teasing her.

"No. It is in Canada," he said.

Then he told her and Jessie, who stared respectfully at Canada, that the city across the river was Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and that the hills behind it were Canadian hills.

"Almost three hundred years ago, the good

missionary, Father Marquette, founded his mission here," said Mr. Morton. "He wanted to teach and help the Indians. An Indian village had been located here years before that. Tell Norman that, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch promised she would. She was very much excited to feel that she was looking at Canada, and she determined to tell Ida that it looked very much like the United States, from what she could see of it. Some of the people on the steamer took a ferry over to the Canadian side, but Mr. and Mrs. Morton preferred to drive around the American town. They took Honey Bunch and Jessie, who asked her mother first, of course, and both little girls stayed up much later than their bedtime.

They expected they would have to go to bed as soon as they returned to the steamer, but to their delight their parents said that one of the most interesting parts of the trip was coming and that if they would both promise to take naps the next day, they might stay up and watch.

"Isn't this fun!" cried Honey Bunch with a bounce. "I like not to know what is going to happen to me. Perhaps we're going to leave our native land."

And she wondered if they would go in an airplane. That would be a fine bit of news to write to Norman.

CHAPTER XI

THROUGH THE LOCKS

ALTHOUGH Honey Bunch didn't go up in an airplane, what happened next was just about as exciting.

The *Marquette* and her passengers went through the locks!

At first Honey Bunch couldn't understand at all. Then, as her daddy patiently explained and drew little diagrams on the back of an envelope and when the deck steward came along and helped, why, gradually Honey Bunch began to see what was happening to the boat. But though Jessie listened intently, she said she never did really understand it.

"You see, Honey Bunch," said her daddy, "Lake Huron is lower than Lake Superior; a boat can't climb stairs, even if there were any to climb. So we go into a lock and the water

is turned in and 'boosts' us up to the level of Lake Superior."

Honey Bunch knew that Lake Superior was the largest of the Great Lakes. She wanted to see it very much, but she wasn't so interested in it that she forgot to ask the steward about his three little girls.

"Did you see Violet and Mary and Adelaide?" she asked him.

"Bless your heart, I certainly did and I had dinner with them," said the steward. "We always have apple dumplings for dinner when I'm home."

Then he went away and the deck filled with passengers anxious to see what happened when a ship went through the locks.

It reminded Honey Bunch a little of a block in traffic at home, when the automobiles were held up by the red lights. The lake seemed filled with ships, winking their beautiful green and red lights. They whistled incessantly, too.

"They're talking," said Honey Bunch's daddy. "If you'll listen, you'll hear that each

ship has a different whistle; some are deep, some are sharp and shrill; there's one now that sounds as mellow as a 'cello string."

Honey Bunch and Jessie listened. Sure enough, they could hear the ships "talking."

Suddenly their own steamer gave two great blasts of her horn, long, deep blasts; then she whistled once, short and quick.

"What did we say, Daddy?" asked Honey Bunch eagerly, sure that her daddy could tell her.

"We said, 'Let us in an American lock, please,'" Mr. Morton translated, smiling. Then he held up his hand. "Listen!" he said.

Another ship close at hand gave three long blasts, followed by two short ones.

"That's a boat that wants a Canadian lock," explained Mr. Morton. "Watch and you'll see the watchman on the pier signaling."

Some one on the pier was waving a signal which Mr. Morton called a semaphore. It was lighted and all the vessels seemed to understand it perfectly. In a few minutes the

Marquette steamed into a lock and slowly, very slowly, the huge steamer began to rise.

"How far up do we go, Daddy?" asked Honey Bunch, beginning to wonder whether they might not be sent up too high and perhaps bump into the stars.

"Twenty feet," Mr. Morton replied. "Do you children want to stay up till we reach the right level?"

Of course they wanted to stay up. Honey Bunch wasn't a bit sleepy and Jessie was sure *she* could stay awake till morning. However, Mrs. Morton said that no one would have to stay awake as long as that.

"About eleven o'clock, we'll be out on the lake, the steward told me," said Honey Bunch's mother. "And in the morning, he said, we'll all need our sweaters."

The air was growing colder even then. And when they reached the level of Lake Superior and steamed out on the beautiful expanse of water, Honey Bunch was already huddled under her mother's coat and Jessie had borrowed her mother's fluffy shawl.

"It does seem a shame to go to bed," remarked Honey Bunch, following her mother sleepily down the stairs to the stateroom. "Suppose something exciting happens while I'm asleep, Mother?"

Mrs. Morton laughed and said she didn't think anything more would happen that night.

"You've had a very busy day, haven't you, dear?" she suggested. "I'm glad you've found a little girl to play with, and if you'll go right to sleep I'll give you both something you'll like to play with in the morning."

With that promise in mind, Honey Bunch felt better about going to sleep and though she forgot about the "something to play with," she remembered it at breakfast the next morning.

"I bought you some Indian paper dolls to cut out," said her mother, when Honey Bunch reminded her. "They're in the top tray of my suitcase. I brought two pairs of blunt scissors, too, because you usually do find some one to play with you."

The Indian dolls were in long strips and

they were really very nice. Mrs. Morton hadn't told Honey Bunch, because she wanted to surprise her still more, but there were also strips of the lake steamers and a little Indian village, all to be cut out.

Honey Bunch and Jessie settled themselves on the play deck. They wore their coats, for, just as the steward had said, the air was cold. But the sun shone brightly and the water was very beautiful.

There was a corner near the sand-box which was out of the wind. Here Honey Bunch and Jessie sat and they were having such a good time that when Mr. Morton came to ask Honey Bunch if she didn't want to go ashore and see a copper smelter, Honey Bunch said:

"Oh, have we stopped?"

She and Jessie had been standing their Indian cut-outs up in the sand, and Jessie said she would stay and take care of them.

"I won't cut another one, either, till you come back," promised Jessie.

So Honey Bunch trotted off beside her

daddy and was much surprised to find their steamer at another dock, this time almost in the country, as Honey Bunch said.

There were trees and a mail box, and when she stood on the ground and looked at the steamer, it looked perfectly huge, much larger than it had looked at any of the cities, where the tall buildings towered against the sky.

"This is Houghton," said Honey Bunch's daddy, "and as we're to have only about three hours, we must do a good deal in a short time. We shouldn't want to see the boat sail off without us, should we, Honey Bunch?"

"My, no," Honey Bunch answered, in some alarm. "All my paper dolls are on the deck."

They stood for a few minutes, watching the automobiles being lowered from the steamer. Some of the passengers were leaving the ship at this point, to tour through Wisconsin and Michigan in their cars. Honey Bunch said she would rather see all of the Great Lakes, and her daddy said that very likely the peo-

ple who were changing to automobiles had made the lake tour before.

Honey Bunch and her mother didn't understand much about the copper smelter to which Mr. Morton took them, but he was so interested and had such a good time looking at everything that they were glad they had come. Honey Bunch thought the whole business pretty messy and was rather smelly, too.

She liked the iron mill they saw afterwards a little better, but it was very noisy. It seemed a shame to have so much smoke and steam and dirt and noise in such a beautiful place, but her daddy said that iron and copper were very important and that we can not get along without them.

"Both these ores are found in our native land, Honey Bunch," he added, his eyes twinkling. "I think you ought to tell Ida that."

"Ida will know a lot of geography when I get back," declared Honey Bunch, and certainly if Ida remembered half the things

Honey Bunch wrote on the post cards she sent her, she must have shown improvement.

Honey Bunch found Jessie waiting for her when they went back to the ship and the rest of the day they had a marvelous time with the sand-box. There were four other children, three boys and a little girl, and at Honey Bunch's suggestion they built a fort and a stockade and had the paper doll Indians attack it.

One of the boys had a bag of marbles and they used these for cannon balls. The Indians had no arrows, but they gave them pins. They were having an exciting battle when Honey Bunch felt some one stumble over her foot. She looked up and there stood that awful boy who had made faces at her in the train.

"Hello!" he said more amiably than usual.

Of course Honey Bunch said, "Hello," but rather sadly.

"I didn't know you were on this boat," she couldn't help adding.

"We came on at Mackinac," declared the

boy. "But I've been sick in bed ever since. I ate too many salted peanuts."

Now Honey Bunch didn't like this boy at all, but she could be sorry for any one who had eaten too many salted peanuts.

"Do you want to play with us?" she asked politely.

"Sure I do," said the boy, dropping down beside the sand-box. "What are you playing—paper dolls?"

Jessie informed him indignantly that they were *not* playing paper dolls.

"This is an Indian game," she said.

The boy—he told them his name was Albert Groves—talked a great deal. He wanted to tell the others how to play, but the three boys already there didn't take very kindly to his suggestions.

"Say, that isn't the ring you had on, on the train, is it?" Albert asked Honey Bunch suddenly.

"No. That was my turquoise ring," Honey Bunch explained. "This isn't my ring. It belongs to a girl named Lola French."

"Did she steal your ring?" Albert questioned.

Honey Bunch flushed scarlet.

"Of course she didn't!" she cried. "Lola wouldn't steal anything. We traded rings and she had to get off the boat at Cleveland and we didn't have time to give our rings back."

Albert stood a paper doll Indian on his head.

"I guess you'll never see your ring again, then," he remarked.

"I will, too, get my ring back!" cried poor Honey Bunch. "I know I will, so there."

But when Albert asked her how she could be so sure, she couldn't tell him. She remembered in time that the wish wouldn't come true if she told any one what she had wished at the spring.

Albert wasn't a very good companion. He quarreled with the other boys and made Jessie cry by standing a house upside down. He wanted to roll all the marbles and when the other children said they wouldn't play with

him any more, it was Honey Bunch who had to make the peace.

"We have to be nice to him," she argued, "because he's been sick; he ate too many salted peanuts."

"If he had passed them around and not been such a pig, perhaps he wouldn't have been sick," sniffed Jessie.

But she good-naturedly consented to go on with the game and the others did, too. When Mr. Morton came to say that Honey Bunch's mother wanted her to get ready for dinner, Honey Bunch was surprised to hear that she must bring her paper dolls with her.

"We'll have to pack them," said her daddy, "for this is our last night on Lake Superior."

Honey Bunch, on her way down to the stateroom, noticed the large red sun.

"It looks like a storm," she heard a passenger say.

CHAPTER XII

AN EXCITING NIGHT

HONEY BUNCH didn't think it looked like a storm. She thought the large red sun very cheerful and she ate her dinner wondering if she couldn't stay up on deck afterward, because this was the last night.

Of course Honey Bunch and Jessie had had a nap that afternoon. You remember they had promised that if they were allowed to stay up and watch the ship go through the locks they would take a nap the next day. They had slept for two hours in the afternoon and so were not very sleepy to-night.

Just before Honey Bunch finished her dessert, a man came in and sat at the next table. His coat looked damp and when his wife asked him what made it wet he answered:

"It's raining."

Honey Bunch and her daddy went up on

deck after dinner, while her mother stayed in the parlors to talk to some ladies, and they found the deck wet. By staying under the awning, they could keep dry, but the rain kept driving in closer and closer.

"Oh, it lightens!" cried Honey Bunch, as a flash lit the gray sky. "See, over there, Daddy!"

"They are having a thunder storm in that direction," Mr. Morton declared. "It seems to be following a curved line, doesn't it?"

Honey Bunch watched the flashes of light. They did seem to be going in a half circle. But she couldn't hear any thunder.

"The storm is too far away," her daddy explained when she asked him why. "If we were where that lightning is, we'd hear the thunder rumbling, all right."

It was fun to stay under the awning and watch the black, black sky as the lightning split it. The rain pattered gently on deck and other people came out and sat in the wicker chairs.

"There's a boy downstairs," said the man

sitting next to Honey Bunch's daddy, "and he acts as though scared to death. His mother wanted to come out and sit on deck, but as soon as the boy saw a flash of lightning, he wouldn't budge."

"Too bad he's afraid," Mr. Morton said, as the whole sky seemed to open just in front of them and a splendid display of light—like Fourth of July fireworks—spread across the dark water.

"Oh, he's afraid of everything," declared the man. "I never saw such a kid. He's afraid the boat may tip over and he's afraid of thunder and lightning and he's afraid of falling out of bed. The only thing he doesn't seem to be afraid of is eating. I never, in all my life, saw a boy eat the way this one does."

"Yes, I know," said Honey Bunch unexpectedly. "He ate too many salted peanuts and they made him sick."

The man laughed and so did Honey Bunch's daddy.

"How do you know this is the same boy?" her daddy asked her.

"Isn't his name Albert?" asked Honey Bunch, and the man who sat at the same table with the boy and his mother said yes, the lad's name was Albert.

"Then it's the same one," Honey Bunch declared confidently. "I should think he would like to see the lightning; it's exciting."

Well, it was exciting, and presently it was even more exciting, for the ship seemed to be heading into the storm and soon the passengers could hear the thunder.

"At home," remarked Honey Bunch thoughtfully, "Mrs. Miller always goes around shutting down windows when it thunderstorms. Who will shut down the windows on this boat?"

"Well, you know the portholes are the real windows on a boat," Mr. Morton said. "The stewards will see that they are closed if there is any danger of the rain driving in."

Honey Bunch was "interested in housekeep-

ing," as Mrs. Miller had once proudly said, and Honey Bunch knew what ought to be done in a thunderstorm on land.

"Boats are different," she told her daddy now. "Once there was a thunderstorm, right in the middle of the day, and Mrs. Miller had all the clothes on the line. They were almost dry, too. So we dashed out and brought them in and Norman Clark saw us and he came out to help. All he did was drop clothespins and pick them up and Mrs. Miller said if she had to depend on him to get the clothes in before it rained she would just as soon have a good cat."

Honey Bunch's daddy laughed and said Mrs. Miller didn't have much patience with Norman.

"He tries her patience dreadfuly—she says so," Honey Bunch explained.

The man who sat in the next chair suggested that perhaps Mrs. Miller didn't have much patience, and of course Honey Bunch couldn't let a mistake like that pass. She told the man all about Mrs. Miller and how good

she was to Lady Clare, the black cat, and how, when company came to see Honey Bunch, it was Mrs. Miller who was never too busy to stop and make lemonade or cocoa so there could be a "party."

"I see," said the man after he had heard all this. "I take it all back—I like Mrs. Miller. But let me ask you a question, now that we're getting acquainted. Would you rather live in a house or on a boat?"

Honey Bunch had to think this over. The thunder grumbled and growled and flashes of light spread over the water, making the darkness seem blacker than ever after they had disappeared. Honey Bunch thought about her nice, comfortable house in Barham, then she thought about the ship and the very good time she was having aboard the *Marquette*.

"I wouldn't want to live on a boat *all* the time," she said aloud. "But I wouldn't want to live in a house all the time, either. I mean I think I would rather live in a house most of the time and go to places every now and then."

The man in the next chair chuckled. It was too dark to see his face, except when the lightning flashed, but he had a deep, pleasant voice and Honey Bunch was sure she liked him. He said he didn't know but that was the way he felt about living in a house, too.

"I think we all want a house," declared Honey Bunch's daddy. "Even the sailors and the captain and officers of this boat have houses somewhere ashore."

Honey Bunch had to raise her voice above the rolling rumble of another peal of thunder.

"I thought the captain lived on a boat, Daddy," she shouted.

"Oh, he does, most of the time," her daddy answered. "But when he finishes a cruise he goes home to Mrs. Captain and his children and *they* have to live in a house, you know."

Honey Bunch thought this was very interesting.

"Do you suppose when it thunders, Mrs. Captain and the children think about our captain and hope he puts on his raincoat?" asked Honey Bunch earnestly.

"I'm sure they think that and more, too," Mr. Morton said. "I'm sure every time it storms they think of him and and hope all is well with him."

A queer noise made Honey Bunch jump. Something seemed to be moving. They could just make out a shadowy mass ahead of them.

"One of the deck chairs is sliding toward the railing," said Honey Bunch's daddy quietly.

"There's a porter coming to get it," Honey Bunch announced, and at that moment a gust of wind almost took her breath away.

"We're in for it now," said the man in the next chair, as the rain began to beat down and a wet mist drifted in under the awning.

In a few minutes, no one could stay on deck. The wind blew and the rain swept across the deck in sheets. Honey Bunch and her daddy had to run for the stairs, but they didn't get wet.

Honey Bunch could hear the thunder now. It crashed and rolled and seemed to shake the steamer. There was no talk of going to

bed; no one, not even the sleepiest child, could hope to sleep in such a storm.

"If I had my slicker, I could stay up on deck," said Honey Bunch wistfully.

"Dearest, you couldn't," her mother answered. "This wind would sweep you right off the deck into the lake, and, not being a fish, you couldn't swim. It's better to be safe and dry."

Well, Honey Bunch didn't want to tumble into the lake, that was certain, and she might have sat quietly in her big chair and waited for the storm to end if a perfectly tremendous crash of thunder hadn't surprised her.

Almost at the same time it thundered a streak of lightning seemed to go through the parlors.

"I think I'd rather sit in your lap, Mother," quavered Honey Bunch.

She climbed into her mother's lap and then she saw Albert for the first time. He was halfway under his mother's chair and his legs, sticking out, looked so funny that Honey

Bunch forgot her own fear and gurgled with laughter.

"Don't be so silly, Albert," his mother scolded him. "See the little girl laughing at you. I'm ashamed of you. Come on out."

But Albert only wriggled further under the chair.

"This," said Honey Bunch's daddy, "comes from eating too many salted peanuts."

That made Honey Bunch laugh again. She was sorry for Albert, but he did look queer with only his legs showing. She thought he must be very warm, too, hidden under the stuffed chair.

The thunder roared a little less loudly now —a kind of dull mutter. Some of the ladies said they thought the *Marquette* had either passed through the storm or that the storm had blown over and was past.

"We'll wait a few minutes and then we'll go to bed," said Mrs. Morton.

As if the storm had heard her, there came another deep clap of thunder.

Albert waggled his feet desperately—he couldn't get any further under the chair unless he upset it, and his mother was too heavy for this. She looked perfectly disgusted, but she anchored down the chair.

Then, quite suddenly, there came the most terrific crash of all. At the same time—or it seemed like the same time—a ball of fire rolled through the room and the lights went out!

My goodness, such a turmoil! Honey Bunch, clinging tightly to her mother, heard her daddy's voice.

"Sit perfectly still, Edith," he said to her mother. "Don't move. We're as safe here as anywhere."

Some of the women were screaming and others were rushing for the stairs, to get up on deck. Honey Bunch heard Albert howling—he was making nearly as much noise as all the rest of the passengers put together.

"Oh, Mother!" he screamed. "Mother, I'm afraid! I want to go home! Mother, let's go ashore!"

How could he go ashore? Honey Bunch was so struck by the silliness of this suggestion that she almost got down off her mother's lap to go over to point out to Albert that he couldn't go ashore. They were in the middle of lake Superior and the shore was a long way off, and certainly no one was going to turn back and put one boy on land, no matter how frightened he might be.

Honey Bunch, however, stayed quietly where she was. She didn't really think that she could persuade Albert to stop howling, and very likely she couldn't even make him hear her.

"Ah-h!" said everybody, as the lights flashed on.

Then they looked at each other a little queerly. There was a crowd over by the stairway, where each had tried to be first to reach the deck. Albert was clinging to his mother and had his face buried on her shoulder. His eyes were tight shut and apparently he didn't know the lights were on, because he kept asking to go ashore.

"That's about the end of it," said the deck steward, coming into the room and dripping on the rug, for the oilskins he wore shed the water like a cat's fur.

He proved to be right. At first no one believed him and they listened for more thunder, but when, after fifteen minutes, not a rumble sounded, they wisely concluded that the storm was over and they might go to bed.

Honey Bunch and her daddy and mother went up on deck for a few minutes first, to get a breath of fresh air. The wind was strong, but overhead the stars twinkled. Behind them they could see the scudding storm clouds.

"Nice little rain, wasn't it?" said one of the ship's officers, passing them as they stood at the rail.

"My goodness, it was a nice little thunder, I think," Honey Bunch told her daddy, and he agreed with her.

Nothing would induce Albert to go up on deck, not even when Honey Bunch, on her

way to bed, saw him and told him the storm was over and the stars were out.

In the night something woke her up and she sat up in bed and listened. Some one, somewhere, was complaining about something.

"I want something to eat," the voice was crying. "I didn't eat my dinner and now I'm starving to death."

CHAPTER XIII

AN ISLAND ADVENTURE

YOU know that mothers can wake up at almost any time of the night their children happen to wake. No sooner had Honey Bunch sat up in her little bed than she heard her mother speaking to her.

"What's the matter, Honey Bunch—can't you sleep?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"I did sleep," Honey Bunch explained.

"But you're not asleep now," said her mother.

"I'm listening to Albert," Honey Bunch declared. "He wants something to eat. Why didn't he eat his dinner, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Morton laughed and said she didn't know.

"He may have been too afraid of the storm," she suggested. "Go to sleep, Honey Bunch."

"It didn't thunder till after dinner," mused Honey Bunch, "but I suppose Albert may have thought it was going to thunder."

"Will you please go to sleep?" said Mrs. Morton.

"Yes'm," Honey Bunch promised and she lay down and went to sleep and never did find out whether Albert got anything to eat that night or not.

She saw him the next morning, however. All the passengers were leaving the ship at Duluth, though some of them would go back on the *Marquette* the next day. Albert and his mother were on deck when Honey Bunch and her mother went up to join Mr. Morton, and, my goodness, Albert was grumbling about his food again.

"I don't see why we can't have breakfast on the ship," he whined. "I'll starve to death before we get to the hotel."

Honey Bunch remembered that he had been starving to death the night before. He didn't look any thinner to her than usual.

"I do wish you'd keep still," remarked his

mother. Just then the passengers began to go ashore, and the last Honey Bunch saw of Albert he was pulling back on his mother's hand and crying:

"I wish I had something to eat. I don't see why we can't have breakfast on the ship."

That was the last time Honey Bunch saw Albert, and, to tell the truth, she didn't miss him.

She and her daddy and mother had breakfast in a large hotel and Honey Bunch liked what she could see of Duluth from the big palm-screened windows so much that she was glad to learn they were not going back the next day.

"We'll stay a few days and see the sights," said her daddy.

"Oh, yes, I like to see the sights," Honey Bunch agreed, with such a sunny smile that it was impossible not to smile with her.

"How many miles do you think we've traveled, Honey Bunch?" her daddy asked her.

"One hundred and fifty," guessed Honey Bunch.

"Oh, I think about nine hundred," her mother declared.

Mr. Morton said they were both wrong.

"From Buffalo to Duluth is one thousand one hundred and fifteen miles," he told them. "Think of that—we've come over a thousand miles!"

"I'll put that on the next post card I send to Norman," decided Honey Bunch. "I never traveled a thousand miles before."

She had, as a matter of fact, but she had forgotten it.

"I don't know how you feel," said Mr. Morton, "but I would like to use my legs a little. I want to get in a little golf while we're here."

"Honey Bunch and I will amuse ourselves whenever you want to play," said Mrs. Morton. "We can go motor-boating and take several of the excursions to the different islands."

But that day they spent together, in the morning going to visit the huge grain elevators in which enough wheat was stored to feed the world, Honey Bunch thought. She

had never seen such tall "stacks" and when she heard that some of them were filled with wheat, she was sure that enough bread could be made from it to feed every one on the earth. Of course it would take a great deal more wheat than could be stored in one city to do that, but her daddy said that thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat were brought to Duluth and stored in these "elevators."

In the afternoon Honey Bunch and her mother and daddy took a sight-seeing automobile trip, and when they had finished, Honey Bunch knew a good deal about the city to tell Ida and the other children. She even had an Indian name to tell Norman—the Sioux Indians, the bus driver said, had lived here more than three hundred years ago.

"They lived here before the Chippewas did," the driver declared, and Honey Bunch discovered that the Chippewas were also Indians.

When the driver saw how interested Honey Bunch was in Indians, he said that was queer,

because she was a girl and girls, as a rule, didn't care much for Indians.

"I have to send post cards to the boy who lives just back of us," explained Honey Bunch.

"So that's it," said the driver. "Well, now, suppose I give you an Indian word to send him and let him see if he can guess what it means."

Honey Bunch thought that would be fun. She didn't believe that Norman knew any Indian language.

The driver was very kind and wrote the Indian word down for her on a little card while they were waiting at the grain elevators. The other passengers wanted to see them, but the Mortons, of course, had seen them that morning and they stayed in the sight-seeing car.

The name the driver wrote down was "Ottohehaho" and Honey Bunch thought he must be a marvelous speller to be able to remember how to spell such a long word.

"What does it mean?" she asked eagerly.

"It means a place where money or presents were distributed," the driver explained. "And it was a word the Iroquois Indians used."

Honey Bunch wrote, rather she printed, a fine post card to Norman that night. She knew the names of three tribes of Indians and a "whole Indian word," she proudly informed him. She didn't tell him what "Ottohehaho" meant, but left that for him to guess.

The next day Mr. Morton went off to play golf and Honey Bunch and her mother were to go on an excursion steamer to Fon du Lac. This steamer took them up the St. Louis River and they intended to visit one of the islands and perhaps Honey Bunch could go in wading.

Both Honey Bunch and her mother liked boats and they had a splendid time on deck that morning. They had decided to stop off wherever they liked—Mrs. Morton said they could fix up their tickets later—and Honey Bunch was to choose the place she thought she would like to visit.

"Let's get off here, Mother," she suggested, when the steamer touched at a small dock where, from the boat, all one could see was a lunch stand or two and a grocery store.

Mrs. Morton was willing, so they left the steamer.

"Just like Robinson Crusoe!" cried Honey Bunch, in delight, remembering that Norman had asked if she would play Robinson Crusoe if the ship were wrecked. "Only we're not wrecked," Honey Bunch reminded herself.

At first, though, she thought she and her mother were the only people on the island. If there was a storekeeper or a lunch stand man, he kept out of sight. Honey Bunch and her mother started to walk around the island, keeping close to the shore.

"We can always turn back if it is too far to go all the way round," said Mrs. Morton, who liked adventures as much as Honey Bunch did.

"It's great fun, traveling through a new country," Honey Bunch said, and when they came to a nice smooth gravelly spot, Mrs.

Morton said that Honey Bunch might take off her shoes and stockings.

The water felt very cold, but in a few moments Honey Bunch was used to it. She paddled around and walked a little way, always keeping on the edge because, as her mother said, the water might be very deep a few feet from shore.

Four people, two women and a man and a boy about fourteen, passed them, while Honey Bunch was wading, and Honey Bunch told her mother that the island must be inhabited.

"Norman Clark says Robinson Crusoe lived on an island that wasn't inhabited," explained Honey Bunch, "but I don't suppose there are many left like that. That story happened some time ago, Mother."

Mrs. Morton found a slim little tree, really almost like a parasol, under which she could set comfortably and wait for Honey Bunch. That young person, as always when she was enjoying herself, wished that the boys and girls in Barham could be doing the same thing she was doing.

"Ida Camp loves to go wading," said Honey Bunch, splashing, but very gently so as not to get her frock wet.

"Ida may be wading this morning, too," Mrs. Morton suggested. "Perhaps she has gone to the seashore with her aunt."

Honey Bunch thought that would be nice and she hoped Ida had gone to the seashore.

"I'll save her a pebble from here, Mother," said Honey Bunch, "because if Ida has gone to the beach, she will save me something. We always save each other something."

Mrs. Morton thought that was a fine plan and Honey Bunch spent as long as five minutes hunting for a pebble that should be nice enough to take Ida. A plain, ordinary pebble wouldn't do at all, declared Honey Bunch. What she wanted was the kind of pebble no one had ever seen before.

"I've found two that are good, Mother," she announced earnestly. "One is black and the other is white. Which would you rather have, if you were Ida?"

"I'd like them both," said Mrs. Morton

promptly. "Why don't you get half a dozen or so, Honey Bunch? Wash them nicely and you may polish them on this old handkerchief I have in my purse. You can give Mrs. Miller a pebble to put in her bowl of bulbs. I'm sure she would be very proud to have one that came all the way from the St. Louis River."

Honey Bunch was delighted with this idea. She knew how proud Mrs. Miller was of her bulb bowl. Winter and summer she kept bulbs growing in it, usually in the front window of her house. The bowl was kept filled with pebbles and water and Mrs. Miller always took visitors into her parlor, to show them how well the bulbs were growing.

"She would love to have a pebble from a long distance," said Honey Bunch. "You do think of nice things, Mother!"

So Mrs. Morton spread the large old handkerchief on the grass and Honey Bunch collected pebbles and washed them and spread them on the handkerchief to dry. They were

very small, so they didn't weigh much, and though Honey Bunch gathered more than a dozen, when they were rolled up in the handkerchief they made a small ball, small enough to go in Mrs. Morton purse.

"What else could I collect, Mother?" asked Honey Bunch, when her pebbles were safely stowed away.

Mrs. Morton smiled at Honey Bunch, who was quite breathless from her many trips up from the water and down to it again as she traveled back and forth between the tree and the edge of the shore.

"I don't know of anything that would keep," said Mrs. Morton, after she had thought a moment. "Leaves from the trees would dry and crumble. Even if we pressed them they would be difficult to carry home with us. I'll tell you, Honey Bunch, instead of carrying things away with us, why not leave a message, a picture message for the next little girl who may come to go in wading here?"

This sounded delightfully mysterious.

"How, Mother?" urged Honey Bunch. "What is a picture message?"

"Oh, you form your initials with pebbles," explained Mrs. Morton, "you make the figure of a little girl with twigs and leaves, and you form a tiny lake for her to wade in. Then, when another little girl sees it, she will say, 'Why, look! Some girl has been wading here!' "

Honey Bunch was enchanted. She made a very nice "H" and a chubby "B" and a fine straight "M" with pure white pebbles on the bare ground around the tree, so that they showed plainly. She filled the cap of an old catsup bottle someone had thrown away with water—that was the make-believe lake. Then her mother helped her make a small doll out of twigs and they dressed it in a green leaf shawl and a green leaf skirt and put it in the "lake" to wade.

"It's a truly picture message!" cried Honey Bunch, clapping her hands. "It says that

Honey Bunch Morton went wading here and had a good time."

Seeing the twig doll enjoying the water, sent Honey Bunch back to do a little wading before she had to continue her journey. She was sure that Ida Camp, even if she were at the seashore with her aunt, wouldn't know how to make a picture message. It took some one like Honey Bunch's mother to think of things like that.

Honey Bunch would have liked to wade all around the island, but the shore line was too steep in some places and "scratchy" with bushes and briars. So after a while she put on her shoes and stockings, having dried her feet in the sun and wind, and walked beside her mother.

They had gone perhaps half a mile when Honey Bunch saw something very small and white coming around a bend toward them.

"It's a dog!" she cried. "Mother, it's a poor little dog. He's so tired he can hardly walk."

Honey Bunch ran forward and the little dog saw her coming and wagged his tail.

He was a curly white poodle and his little pink tongue hung out as far as it would go. He seemed dreadfully tired and he sat down as soon as Honey Bunch reached him and looked at her forlornly.

"Why, he must be lost," said Mrs. Morton, hurrying up. "The poor little thing is worn out. Perhaps he belongs to those people who passed us while you were wading."

He was a friendly dog, no doubt of that. He wagged his tail, even if he was tired, and he snuggled up close to Honey Bunch when she sat down beside him.

Mrs. Morton looked at him closely and patted his head.

"Honey Bunch," she said, "do you know, I think this dog has been lost several days? His hair is matted, and he's really thin."

"Then doesn't he belong to the people we saw?" asked Honey Bunch, puzzled.

Mrs. Morton said she didn't believe so, but that they could go back to the boat landing

and find out. Doubtless the two women and the man and the boy would be there waiting.

Honey Bunch cuddled the tired little dog in her arms.

"I'll save his feet for him," she declared. "Let's hurry, Mother."

CHAPTER XIV

A HOME FOR DULUTH

THE tired little dog was very willing to be carried. He lay quietly in Honey Bunch's arms and every now and then he licked her hand with his tongue.

Honey Bunch and her mother reached the dock before the next boat, and sure enough the people who had passed them stood there, eating sandwiches and evidently waiting for the boat.

"Is this your little dog?" asked Mrs. Morton, for Honey Bunch suddenly discovered that she didn't know what to say to them.

"We found him on the shore road and we thought he might be trying to keep up with you."

One of the women shook her head.

"We saw him, too," she admitted. "We saw him the other day when we were over here, too. I think he is a lost dog. My son

asked the lunch stand man about him and he said he'd noticed him around for about a week."

Honey Bunch felt sorrier than ever for the poodle dog. No one seemed to own him.

"Well, we'll buy him something to eat," her mother decided. "I know he must be hungry."

She and Honey Bunch, still carrying the dog, went over to one of the stands.

"I'll bet I've chased that dog away a hundred times in the last week," said the man who wore a white apron and broiled the frankfurters.

"Oh-h, what made you chase him?" Honey Bunch asked, quite horrified.

"I can't bear a dog hanging around me," said the frankfurter man. "I've never liked them. I don't care for pets. Some people are like that."

Honey Bunch thought, but didn't say so, that she was glad she wasn't "like that."

"What shall we give him to eat, Mother?" she asked anxiously.

"Bread and milk, I think," said her mother, and the frankfurter man crumbled bread in a bowl and poured milk on it and put it down on the grass for the little poodle dog.

The boat came in while he was eating, but Mrs. Morton said they wouldn't hurry; she and Honey Bunch would have some lunch while they waited for the dog to eat his meal.

"That dog was left here," said the frankfurter man, bringing them the sandwiches and milk that Mrs. Morton ordered.

"Folks sometimes do that—they have a pet they're tired of and they bring it out to one of these islands and leave it. I think myself it's a mean trick, but no one ever sees them in time to stop them."

Honey Bunch looked at him sorrowfully.

"Would they let their pets *starve?*" she asked.

"Well, they pick up some food, of course," the man replied. "And the excursionists feed them. I don't suppose they exactly starve."

Honey Bunch, watching the little poodle dog lap up his bread and milk, thought it

couldn't be much fun to not "exactly starve." A dog could be pretty hungry and still not starve, she was sure.

"Mother, what can we do with him?" she asked, as soon as the dog had finished and had licked his bowl absolutely clean.

"I don't know what Daddy will say if we bring a dog back with us," admitted Mrs. Morton. "But I don't see how we can leave him here, do you?"

Honey Bunch said no, she didn't see how they could.

"Why, he wouldn't have any place to go if it thunderstormed," she cried earnestly. "The frankfurter man wouldn't let him come in, no matter how hard it rained."

Mrs. Morton said that they certainly didn't want a little curly-haired dog with them while they were traveling, but she decided to take the dog back to Duluth and see what Mr. Morton said.

"I'm going to call him Duluth," Honey Bunch declared.

They had to wait several hours for another

boat and there wasn't a great deal to do or see. After they had looked at all the post cards for sale and Honey Bunch had sent one to Ida Camp to tell her about the fun she had had wading, and one to Norman Clark to tell him she had found a dog, Mrs. Morton suggested that they might take another walk.

"I'm afraid Duluth is too tired," said Honey Bunch apologetically.

"We can leave him somewhere and let him sleep," her mother answered.

"Oh, Mother, I think he's nervous!" protested Honey Bunch, who had often heard Mrs. Miller use that word. "He might think we had gone away and left him, the way the people did who didn't want him any more."

"Well, dear, you can't carry him," said Mrs. Morton. "In the first place, even if he doesn't weigh very much, he is a burden when you're walking. In the second place, the poor little creature isn't very clean."

"He does need a bath," Honey Bunch admitted. "I could wash him, Mother, if we

had some soap and some hot water and a blanket and a towel to dry him with."

Mrs. Morton said she didn't think they could wash a dog while they were on an excursion.

"Let's walk slowly in the other direction from the one we went this morning," she suggested. "Now that Duluth has had something to eat I'm sure he feels stronger. A little exercise after his lunch may be good for him."

Honey Bunch put Duluth down on the ground and he seemed very wide awake indeed. He jumped about and looked at Honey Bunch through his tangle of hair as much as to say, "Well, what do you want me to do now? I'm ready!"

"We're going walking," Honey Bunch informed him. "We have to wait for the next boat—Oh!"

For even as she talked to him, Duluth suddenly dashed madly off, barking at the top of his lungs, as Mrs. Miller would have said.

"He saw a cat," said the frankfurter man.

"I declare I wish he'd chase all the cats off the island. Just hear him barking. He must have chased her up a tree."

Honey Bunch could hear Duluth barking steadily. He seemed to be calling for help.

"That frankfurter man doesn't like any animals, I guess," said Honey Bunch sadly, as she and her mother set off in the direction Duluth had taken.

"Well, no, I'm afraid he doesn't," Mrs. Morton admitted. "Perhaps he didn't have any pets when he was a little boy and so never learned how much he misses. But, Honey Bunch, you can't say Duluth is too weak to go walking now, can you?"

Honey Bunch giggled. She had forgotten that she had been worried about Duluth. Certainly no dog who could race off as he had done could be called weak or sick.

"I think most dogs are strong enough to chase cats," said Honey Bunch wisely, and her mother agreed with her.

They walked around a bend in the road and there was Duluth. But how he did look! He

had been so intent on catching the cat that he had not watched where he was going, with the consequence that he had run full tilt into some kind of prickly bush. He was held tight, but the cat in the tree above him didn't know that. She, poor kitty, was glaring down at her tormentor, and Duluth, his dirty white wool held in a dozen places by long thorns, was glaring back at her and barking wildly.

"We can't rescue the cat," said Mrs. Morton, "because we neither of us can hope to climb that tree. But if we take Duluth away, I think the cat will come down herself."

It was hard work to get Duluth out of the bush, and he squeaked and groaned, though Mrs. Morton tried her best not to pull his hair. When she finally had him free, patches of his wool were left hanging to the thorns.

"But you're not bald," Honey Bunch assured him considerately. "You really have a great deal of hair left, Duluth."

Mrs. Morton said they must go back to the dock, because they simply had to make the next boat. Honey Bunch was sorry to leave

the kitty in the tree, but she knew she could come down without help. Perhaps she was laughing, now she had found out that Duluth couldn't get out of the bush till his friends came and pulled him out.

When the excursion steamer finally came, it was the same one Honey Bunch and her mother had taken that morning.

"I didn't know you had a dog," said the deck porter, when he saw Honey Bunch come on board.

"We found this one," Mrs. Morton explained. "Some heartless people had evidently abandoned him on the island. He was about starved when we discovered him."

The porter went away to get a cushion for a lady who said she just couldn't sit in a chair without a cushion at her back.

"Do you live around here?" asked the porter, coming up to Honey Bunch and her mother again after he had supplied the lady with a red and green cushion.

Mrs. Morton told him that they were travel-

ing and that they lived a good many miles away.

"I should think a dog would be a lot of trouble for you," the porter suggested.

"Oh, we never can keep it!" said Mrs. Morton quickly. "We have to take the lake steamer day after to-morrow. But neither my little girl nor I could see a lost dog and not try to take care of him."

The porter shuffled his feet.

"I—now, I would like a little dog like that," he said half bashfully. "My little girl is lame and she has to go around in a wheel chair. I was thinking only the other day if I could get a small dog for her—small enough for her to hold on her lap—she would have company. She's lonely, because the other children run off to play and leave her."

Honey Bunch just beamed. She didn't want to part with Duluth, as she now called him, but she knew that she could never take him all the way to Barham with her.

"I'd like your little girl to have Duluth,"

she said to the porter. "I don't know his real name, but I call him that because we're stopping in Duluth. He'll be a nice dog when he has had a bath."

"Say, I'll wash him and comb him and fix him up just fine," the porter promised. "He's the prettiest dog I've seen in a long while. Do you want me to pay you for him? I can't afford much, but I've been saving up to buy a dog for Hilda."

Of course Honey Bunch didn't want any money for Duluth. She was simply delighted that he was to go and live with a little lame girl and make her happy. And she knew that when he was washed and his curly white hair combed out, Duluth would be a very handsome small dog indeed.

She held him in her lap until the boat tied up at the Duluth dock and then she gave him to the porter who carried him below deck to keep him until his work was finished and he could take him home.

Honey Bunch and her mother found Daddy Morton waiting for them at the hotel. He

was surprised to hear they had found a dog and had found a home for him, too, all in one day.

"All I did was to play golf," said Mr. Morton, "and you two seem to have been having adventures."

The next morning, as Honey Bunch was eating her breakfast, a bell boy came through the room crying, "Miss Honey Bunch Morton! Miss Honey Bunch Morton!"

"Why," cried Honey Bunch, much astonished, "that's me!"

She was even more astonished when the boy said there was a telephone call for her. She didn't know any one in Duluth, so who could call her on the telephone?

Her daddy went with her to the telephone booth and held her up to the mouthpiece.

"Hello!" called Honey Bunch.

"Hello, Honey Bunch," a little girl's voice answered. "This is Hilda Mercer. My daddy brought me home your dog, Duluth, last night and I want to thank you for him. I love him. He's a darling dog."

"Oh, how nice!" crowed Honey Bunch into the telephone. "I'm so glad you like him, Hilda. But you don't have to call him Duluth; I just named him that. We found him, you know."

"Yes, Daddy told me," Hilda replied. "But I like that name. My mother says if you have time she hopes you'll come to see me. We live at 3244 Wheat Street."

Honey Bunch didn't know whether she could go, but she said she would send Hilda a post card, if she couldn't. Then they said good-by to each other and Honey Bunch went back and finished her breakfast.

Of course she and her mother were delighted to hear that Duluth's new mistress liked him and it pleased them to know that the forlorn little poodle would have a good home and some one to love him.

"It was very kind of that porter to tell his little girl to call up and thank you," said Mrs. Morton. "I wondered why he asked at what hotel we were stopping."

Honey Bunch didn't have time to go to see Hilda before their steamer left Duluth. She and her mother had some shopping to do and then they had to go and watch a tennis match with her daddy and that took the entire afternoon. But you'll be interested to know that Honey Bunch and Hilda exchanged post cards and that at Christmas time Honey Bunch received a post card from Duluth with the dog's photograph on the back of it. The poodle looked so fat and cheerful that Honey Bunch knew at once he was a happy dog.

The steamer they sailed on next was the *Chippewa,* and Honey Bunch, who had expected to go back by the same route they had come, was much surprised to find that they were going to Chicago.

"We can't slight a Great Lake," explained her daddy, with twinkling eyes. "Suppose you went home and Ida Camp asked you how many of the Great Lakes you'd seen, what would you say?"

Honey Bunch hastily counted on her fingers.

"Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Superior," she counted. "Three, Daddy."

"Well, there are still two you haven't seen," her daddy told her.

Then she sat in the same chair with him—which she loved to do—and he took out the map and showed her Lake Ontario, to which many of the tourists they had seen at Niagara were going; and Lake Michigan, on which they would be after they left Mackinac Island.

"Oh, are we going back there?" Honey Bunch asked. "I wonder if——"

She stopped short. She had meant to say, "I wonder if I'll ever get my ring back," but she remembered just in time that the wish could not, simply could not, come true, if she told it.

They had beautiful weather all the way to Mackinac and Honey Bunch felt like a seasoned traveler. She showed the other children on the boat how to tell where south was, using a watch as a compass; she explained to them what the whistles meant when they were about to pass another boat; and when they

went through the lock at Sault Ste. Marie, she heard the ships "talking" again and told the other children to listen, too.

They docked at Mackinac Island and Honey Bunch was standing on deck, watching the new passengers come on board. Suddenly, to her mother's astonishment, she broke away and began to run toward the stream of people sauntering comfortably across the deck.

"Mother!" cried Honey Bunch over her shoulder as she ran. "Mother! Look quick! There's Lola and her folks now!"

CHAPTER XV

THE ORANGE MOON

HONEY BUNCH had to run half way down the stairs before she caught up with Lola.

"Lola!" she cried eagerly. "Lola, don't you remember me?" Lola whirled around.

"Why, Honey Bunch!" she shrieked joyfully. "Where did you come from?"

Mrs. Morton came smiling toward them. She and Mrs. French shook hands and in a few minutes Honey Bunch had her own ring and Lola had hers.

"We came up from Cleveland on another steamer," said Mrs. French, "and Lola cried all one night because when we left so hurriedly she didn't have a chance to say good-by to Honey Bunch."

Later Honey Bunch's mother told her little daughter that Mr. French had received a telegram at Cleveland from his firm, asking him

to stop over there for a couple of days and make some important business calls.

"He hadn't planned to pay any attention to business during this trip," said Mrs. Morton, "but this matter was so important he didn't feel he could ignore it. But, Mrs. French told me, he almost wished he hadn't stopped over when he saw how bad Lola felt at not being allowed to say good-by to you."

Honey Bunch and Lola were delighted to be together again. Honey Bunch could tell Lola all that had happened to her, and that was lucky, for Lola and her family couldn't visit Lake Superior this time. The stop at Cleveland had taken too much of their time.

So Honey Bunch told Lola about the locks and of course about Duluth, both the city of that name and the little poodle dog.

She told her, also, about the wish she had made at the spring on Mackinac Island.

"It won't come true if you tell it, but I can tell you because it has already come true," said Honey Bunch earnestly.

Lola told Honey Bunch about the hotel

where they had stayed in Cleveland and about the elevator that the guests could run themselves.

"They won't let children run it," explained Lola. "But my mother went in it with me and I ran it once."

Lake Michigan proved to be just as beautiful as the other lakes, and Honey Bunch and Lola were out on one or another of the decks all day long. They discovered three dogs traveling in the baggage room, and Mr. Camden, Lola's uncle, taught a cocker spaniel to knock a lump of sugar off its nose and catch it in its mouth.

He spent several hours teaching the dog this trick and Honey Bunch and Lola sat and watched him. Honey Bunch declared that when she reached home she meant to tell Norman Clark how to do it.

"He said he'd taught Waggy to do that," said Honey Bunch, "but I never saw Waggy do the trick. Waggy is Norman's dog."

The cocker spaniel belonged to a lady who lived in California. That is, she had a house

there. Honey Bunch remembered what her daddy had said about the captain's house when this lady (whose names was Mrs. Weeks) told them that sometimes she didn't spend two months of the year in her home.

"Charlie and I are always on the go," said Mrs. Weeks.

Charlie was the spaniel. He wore a very beautiful leather collar with a silver nameplate on it. The plate was engraved and it read: Charlie Weeks, San Francisco, California.

The other two dogs were not as handsome as Charlie, but they were very friendly and Honey Bunch and Lola quickly became acquainted with them. One was a Scottish terrier a dear, funny dog with short legs and whiskers on his square chin. His name was MacManus and he lived in New York City when he was at home.

The other dog was called Spunky. He was a fox terrier who objected if he was asked to keep still a moment. Spunky hopped and danced and barked and yelped and had his

nose in and out of every mail bag as fast as they were untied. One of the men warned him that if he didn't watch out, he'd find himself tied up in a sack and thrown off with the mail and the baggage at the next dock. This didn't seem to worry Spunky much, but Honey Bunch and Lola worried for him.

Spunky had lived down in Florida, and he was now moving. That is, his family were moving. They were going as far as the state of Washington, but they had planned to see as much of the United States as they could before they settled down in their new home. Of course, if they went sight-seeing, Spunky had to go sight-seeing, too. Not that he saw very much when he was shut up in the baggage room, but when the boat stopped and the passengers could go ashore, Spunky could go, too.

Charlie Weeks was the only one of the three dogs to wear an engraved collar, but he didn't let it make him proud. Mr. Camden, Lola's uncle, said that Charlie was the aristocrat of the baggage room, and certainly he had almost

as many possessions as a human traveler. He had three blankets, of different weights, and each one had his initials on it. He had a trunk in which his mistress carried him from train to boat, or from boat to train, as the case might be; a leather trunk with a grating set in one side so Charlie Weeks could have fresh air.

The spaniel had a leather harness, too, and a dish for his food and another for drinking water, both with his name painted on the edges. Then he had a little toilet kit and a comb, brush, soap, towel and bath apron nicely fitted into various pockets. He had a box of toys that had been bought especially for him—three rubber balls and a rubber bone on which he could chew as long as he wished, and an old slipper of which he was very fond.

But wasn't it odd? Charlie Weeks would rather have Lola's uncle play with him than use any of his toys and Mr. Camden said the dog was lonely. He didn't know how to play with Spunky and MacManus. In fact, when-

ever the three dogs tried to play together their fun was rather apt to end in a fight. So most of the time the porters kept all three dogs tied up, and they untied one at a time when Honey Bunch and Lola and Lola's uncle came down to visit them.

"I wish Charlie Weeks could come and visit us," said Lola to Honey Bunch. "We have a yard and he could play there and I would take him to the park every day and he could run on the grass. I don't believe he likes traveling all the time."

Lola, it seemed, lived in Chicago and she was sure that Honey Bunch would like the big city.

"I wish your mother would let you stay a little while at our house," said Lola. "I could take you all over and we could have the nicest time."

Honey Bunch said she would ask her mother, but Mrs. Morton declared they couldn't leave Honey Bunch, not even for one night.

"And we must think of getting home our-

selves," she said. "Mrs. Miller will have the house open for us and Lady Clare will be there, and we'll have Norman Clark falling off the back fence with disappointment if we don't get home when we're expected."

"Anyway, we can have a good time now," said Honey Bunch to Lola, when she told her that she couldn't stay long in Chicago.

Have a good time, they did. Mr. Camden took them to tea, which was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, and which nearly all the grown-ups enjoyed. Honey Bunch and Lola sat in deep arm chairs, as if they were grown-up ladies, and Mr. Camden brought them cups filled with cambric tea and a plate of tiny rolled sandwiches and exactly four different kinds of little cakes.

"I think your uncle is ever so nice," said Honey Bunch, nibbling a little cake.

"He's pretty nice," Lola admitted, "but he isn't as nice as this when we're at home."

She meant that her uncle didn't have so much time to play with her and teach dogs tricks and take long tramps around the deck.

The last night on the steamer the two mothers decided that even little girls should be allowed to stay up and see the moonlight.

"There will be a full moon, Honey Bunch," said Mrs. Morton at dinner. "I don't think there is anything lovelier than moonlight on the water. It would be a shame for you to miss it."

So Honey Bunch, in her pretty blue flannel coat, which she and her mother had bought in Duluth, went up on deck soon after dinner and found chairs near Lola and her mother and her daddy and her uncle. Mr. Morton came a few minutes later, and they sat there and watched for the moon.

"Oh-h!" said Honey Bunch softly, as something very huge and round and orange-red began to rise right out of the water!

It was the glorious moon, and though it didn't come out of the water, it certainly looked that way.

"Somebody's pushing it up into the sky," said Honey Bunch, in a whisper.

She and Lola decided that perhaps a giant

lived under the water and pulled the moon down there at the end of the night. Then, on full-moon nights, he pushed it slowly into its position in the sky.

"What does he do with it on the nights when there is no moon?" asked Mr. Camden, teasingly.

Lola couldn't think quickly enough to answer him, but Honey Bunch could.

"Oh, when there isn't any moon, he chips it up for stars," said Honey Bunch.

Mr. Camden laughed and demanded to know how he could get his moon back, once he had chopped it up.

"He rolls all the little pieces together again, the way Mother does when she makes cookies," said Honey Bunch confidently.

"I can't get ahead of you, can I?" said Mr. Camden, and just then that beautiful moon rose clear of the water and every one stopped talking and watched it.

The higher it went into the sky the less it was orange color and the more it looked like silver. Beautiful silver splashes dappled the

water, and by and by a broad and shining path of silver stretched from the moon like a ribbon unwinding over the darkness of the lake.

Honey Bunch took a deep breath. She had never seen anything half so beautiful.

As she watched, a sailboat sailed directly in the path of moonlight. Its sails were spread and it danced over the water like a butterfly.

Honey Bunch wondered whether, if she were in the sailboat, she could put her hands in the water and if she scooped some up in her hands, it would look like silver.

At the far end of the boat some one with an ukulele began to play it softly, then to sing. Several voices took up the words, and soon a chorus was drifting out over the water. Honey Bunch couldn't sing much, nor could Lola, but they loved listening.

Some of the passengers went down below deck to dance, but more stayed up to listen to the singing and to watch the moonlight. Honey Bunch found herself getting sleepy,

but not for worlds would she have confessed it.

"Going to sleep, dear?" whispered her daddy.

"Oh, my no!" she told him indignantly.

A few minutes later her eyes closed, but she opened them quickly.

"David, I do believe Honey Bunch is going to sleep," she heard her mother say.

"No, I'm not," declared Honey Bunch, but she heard her daddy laughing.

"When a girl can't say anything but 'Ugugl le-ump,' she's just as good as asleep," he declared.

Her daddy carried her down to bed and Lola's daddy carried her, for Lola had gone to sleep first.

Lola was up first the next morning, too, and she came to rap at the door of the Morton's stateroom and to ask Honey Bunch to come up on deck to see Chicago.

"My, it's big!" cried Honey Bunch.

"Of course it's big," Lola informed her proudly. "And you ought to see our Zoo!"

As it happened, she did see the Zoo, for her daddy decided they could stay over till night. Mr. French had a car and he drove them all to the Zoo.

She and Lola had a fine time looking at all the animals. Lola decided that she liked lions best and tigers second, but Honey Bunch liked tigers best. Someway or other, she said, they reminded her more of cats, and of course she liked anything that reminded her of Lady Clare.

They had lunch together, and then Mr. French took them for a drive along a beautiful boulevard that bordered the lake, and then, at last, it was train time.

Honey Bunch's adventure was about to come to an end, but there was another one waiting for her. You may read about it in "Honey Bunch: Her First Trip in an Airplane." Now she was not thinking of the sky but of a fast express train.

So we'll leave Honey Bunch looking forward to going home, and that, too, is great fun, as you know if you've ever been away from home.

THE END

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